

The TATLER

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London, May 25, 1932

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A view from the windows of the North British Station Hotel, Edinburgh

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KING'S CROSS FOR SCOTLAND

The TATLER

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London, May 25, 1932

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Price One Shilling



MRS. DAVID BRUCE, DAUGHTER OF H.E. THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street

Mrs. David Bruce was presented at Their Majesties' Court on May 11, and is acting hostess at the American Embassy for her father, Mr. Andrew Mellon, who was appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James' in succession to General Charles Gates Dawes, C.B. Mr. Mellon, who was born in Pittsburgh in 1854, was Secretary to the Treasury in the U.S.A. under both President Harding and President Coolidge, and has large banking and industrial interests—principally coal and iron.



AT THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE FLYING MEETING AT HESTON

Miss Noel Orr, Captain Pelham Cochrane, her step-father, and behind on right Mrs. Roger Peake and Captain Prior-Palmer. Miss Noel Orr was acknowledged to be the prettiest sub-deb. present. Captain Pelham Cochrane is a Moth owner

More pictures of this event on p. 317 of this issue

THE LETTERS OF EVE



AT THE NORTH SOMERSET SHOW: MR. HERBERT NELL (in front) AND LORD AND LADY APSLEY

A snapshot at Ashton Park last week where the Somerset Agricultural Society held their show. Lady Apsley is making sure if slow recovery from the crashing bad fall she got out hunting the season before last. Mr. Herbert Nell was judging a job at which he is very proficient. Mr. Herbert Nell is a particularly well-known personality in the Beaufort country and hunted the southern part for the late Duke for some years when it was lent

who has taken Violet, Duchess of Rutland's house in Chapel Street, and asked some of his special friends to come in and drink cocktails with him. And he

has so many of them that the beautiful green drawing-room was almost filled to overflowing. So, incidentally, were the cocktail glasses. The duchess was present to grace the proceedings, and others of the older and married generations included Lady Milbanke, Lady Drogheda, Lady Colefax, the Comtesse de Janzé, and the host's own sister, Mrs. Edward Tennant.

The younger unmarried generation was represented by the two Smith brothers, James and David, Mr. Hamish Erskine, Miss' Wissie Astor, Lady Caroline Paget, and Mr. Toby Milbanke.

* * *

Otherwise, I am afraid you must put up with a mostly Whitsunish letter this week. For what can I say about the first few days after the holiday when nobody came back till late on Tuesday, and by Wednesday I must write to you? Besides, after such a patchy week-end the people who had bad weather are naturally annoyed at having to return to a sort of mild heat-wave. And those of us who got proper Whitsun sunshine are now having to make the best of our stiff, sun-caught, and midge-bitten bodies. So no one feels up to doing very much.

* * *

The maligned eastern counties seem to have come out best in the way of weather, for we got nothing worse than the threat of a thunder-storm for an hour or two. I think

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1.

MY DEAR,—I just got back to London in time for the Miss Mala Brand's lunch party for Miss Amy Johnson and Captain Mollison. They had been flying at the air pageant at Northampton in the morning, only left there at 12.15, but they were drinking sherry at Miss Brand's house by half-past one. Miss Johnson described some of her experiences in Japan where the people apparently get up very early and come and call at half-past eight in the morning. They were apparently a little shocked by the shorts in which she sometimes received them, and gave her a most lovely kimono in which to wrap herself. When I asked her how she managed to converse in Japanese, she told me that "Mushi-mushi," which means, "Hello, how are you?" carried her a long way.

Other people at this "stand up and eat" sausage and beer party were Mrs. Philip Astley, better known as Miss Madeleine Carroll, the film actress, and her husband; Lord Donegall, and Mr. Cecil Beaton, who has returned from America with a new vocabulary. His pet expression now is, "Can you take it?" I gather that it fits every occasion.

* * *

One of the few other people to throw a party last week was Sir Michael Duff Assheton-Smith,



MISS MARGERY BINNER AND A HARD-PULLER

Miss Margery Binner is the well-known young stage and film actress, and the Alsatian if he were a horse might take a bit of holding

this must have been a special concession to royalty since the Court were at Sandringham for about a week. It must be looking lovely there now, for one of the woods nearby is carpeted with wild lilies of the valley, which look even lovelier than usual this year beneath the paler green of the very late trees. And the smell of them is indescribable until one comes upon the patch of garlic planted by some very impish hand.

The gardens at Sandringham are divided from the grounds round the house by the main road, so it is very easy to look through the iron gates and get a glimpse of the double herbaceous border which is one of the finest in the country.

Sutton, the beautiful Tudor house near Guildford which belongs to the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, is another lovely spot to visit at this time of the year, and the fortunate people invited to spend Whitsun there included Captain and Mrs. Euan Wallace, Lord and Lady Castlereagh, Lord Kimberley, and Major and Mrs. John Marriott. The Castlereaghs left afterwards for Ireland to join the Londonderry's party at Mount Stewart. They want to buy a house in Green Street, which is getting so popular, and until they find one they have taken Mrs. Reggie Wynn's house in Charles Street for some months.

Mrs. John Marriott is the daughter of Mr. Otto Kahn and is specially famous for her extremely small feet and her perfect ankles. She and her sister, Mrs. Ryan, are now back in her very attractive South Street house, which possesses a wonderful iron and glass front door and a large garden at the back.

Others among the very many who entertained for Whitsun were Sir Fritz and Lady Ponsonby, who had a party at Tangle, their lovely Elizabethan timber-framed house, the Carnarvons, who were at Highclere, and Lord and Lady Beatty, who had a few friends staying at Dingley, their place near Market Harborough, among them Edward Lascelles, who went on straight after Newmarket. I wonder how the gallant Admiral liked the cartoon showing him and a number of



MISS CECIL NICKALLS AND MISS BUCKMASTER AT THE COTON MOUNTED SPORTS

Miss Nickalls was amongst the winners, and is a daughter of Major and Mrs. Nickalls, who are well known in the Pytchley country. Miss Buckmaster is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Buckmaster. Her father is the great polo celebrity and ex-Joint Master of the Warwickshire hounds



MISS ANGELA DUNCAN *Erwin Neame*

The latest portrait of the daughter of General Sir John and Lady Duncan. Sir John Duncan commanded the Shanghai Defence Force, 1927-28, on that previous occasion when the Celestial Brother looked to be a bit troublesome. Our troops were never in action

And, withal, she is extremely good looking, in a dark and interesting way, she dresses beautifully, and she is well blessed with this world's goods. She is a niece of Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn, the Belle of New York, who enchanted former play-goers when she was known as Edna May, and who is still nearly as beautiful as she was then.

Mrs. Raymond Boileau's party at Ketteringham Park included two musicians. And Prince George Chavchavadze will, I know, understand that I am making no comparisons when I add that one of them is a musician of the future. For Roger Coke, who is the son of Mrs. Sacheverell Coke of Brookhill Hall in Derbyshire, is only nineteen and has not long left Eton. He has real zeal and passion for music, is studying very hard under Miss Lander, who has produced so many good pianists, he is always learning from something or somebody, and has already been ambitious enough to write a trio and a concerto. So I think it more than probable that we shall hear more of this young man before another eight or ten years have passed.

Prince George himself has just had his twenty-eighth birthday and has, of course, arrived among the stars. There can be no doubt of that after the paeans of praise he received from all the Continental critics during his recent visit to Norway when he gave three recitals in Oslo. There were to have been only two, but a third was insisted on after he had been heard once. And you remember how Paris raved about him when he played there in the autumn. I, personally, think he plays better every time I hear him, and he enchanted us for hours during Whitsun.

(Continued overleaf)

c 2



AT WOLVERHAMPTON RACES

Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Edward Corbally Stourton and the Countess of Lichfield. Colonel Stourton commands the 1st K.O.Y.L.I. and is a very well known figure in the Meath country, where he has a house, and also hunts in his own county, Yorkshire. Lady Lichfield is a daughter of Colonel Edward Keppel, who is a kinsman of Lord Albemarle



AT THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S BALL: THE MARCHESE AND MARCHESA MARCONI

The Young People's Ball at the Café de Paris was organized by Miss Edith Dawkins in aid of the Catholic Seamen's Home and Institute, Victoria Docks. It was certainly a big Society success and looked like an equally good financial one. It would be an insult to the public intelligence to say who the two distinguished personages in the picture are

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued.

Why, by the way, has he not been made to record Chopin's Fantaisie, which, I believe I am right in saying, has never been done. He dashed off to play in Dublin immediately after Whitsun, and talks of giving a recital, or possibly two, during the summer at the Hyde Park where the hall is small and intimate.

All the music-lovers are making the most of the short season at Covent Garden, and the house was full even on Whit-Monday for *Siegfried*. The Duke of Connaught and Princess Alice of Athlone were there, and so was Miss Mary Newcomb, who was looking very lovely in midnight-blue. I wondered how she had managed to get away from the theatre, for she is playing Portia to Ernest Milton's Shylock at the St. James's, and was told there is no performance of *The Merchant of Venice* on Monday nights. They make up for it by having an extra matinée, so the players are able to enjoy a long week-end.

One of the most regular of the regulars, besides Lady Cunard, is Mrs. Cochran Baillie, who was with Lady Cunard in her box the other night and wearing one of the popular flower necklaces. Others in the party included Mr. Gabriel Volkoff and Lady Juliet Trevor, mother of Sir Michael Duff Assheton-Smith. Sir Terence Phillips is another who rarely misses an evening, and Lord Rosse, Mr. Oswald Balfour, and Mr. Sydney Beer are other enthusiasts. Mr. Beer has taken the director's box for the season—the one that Mrs. Sam Courtland always had—and his guests the other night were Miss Olga Lynn, Mr. Cedric Alexander, and Miss Eveleigh Leith. How tall she is!

The cast of *Siegfried* was a very fine one. Schorr made, as usual, a fine and dignified figure of the Wanderer. Melchior's Siegfried is too well known and well loved to need commenting upon, and the Mime of Mr. Tessmer was quite remarkably good. I must admit that I hate to see that wretched dwarf consistently bullied through two acts, by his heroic and god-like foster-child, and Mr. Tessmer's life-like performance was almost painful in its intensity. The famous horn passage in the second act was not altogether successful, and Melchior and the conductor, Herr Heger, did not quite agree about the *tempo* during the forging scene, but the beauty of the last act made up for any shortcomings, and we all came away treading on air.

Melchior and his charming wife had supper afterwards with Mr. Hugh Walpole, the novelist. She wore an amusing little feather in her silver turban, and others I noticed were Mr. Gerald

Kelly, the artist, Ivor Novello, Noel Coward, and Miss Gladys Calthrop, in a tiny white cap, the Hon. Alec Hardinge and his dark-haired wife, and Miss Penelope Dudley Ward. Herr Tauber came on after the first night of the revival of *The Land of Smiles* and stopped for some time, talking to his distinguished fellow artist. He has quite recovered from the illness which caused him to disappoint a huge audience at the Albert Hall last winter.

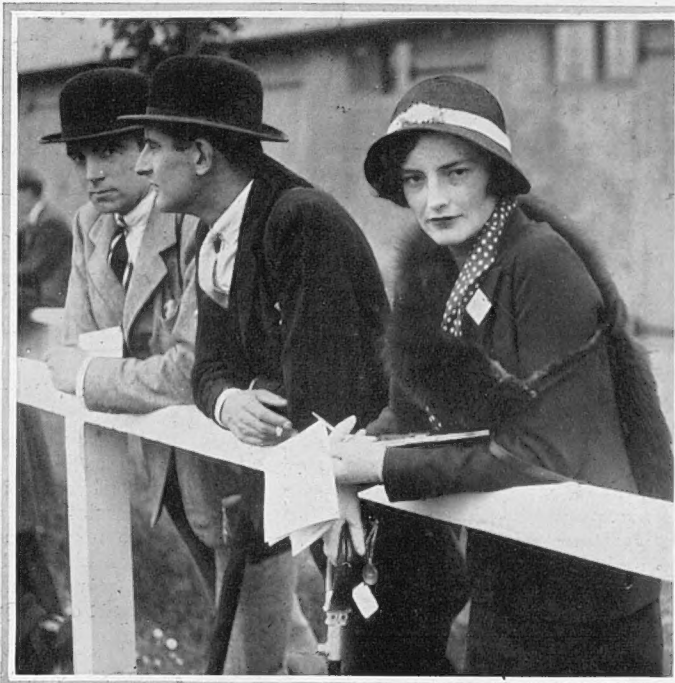
It was Lady Cunard, I believe, who arranged the little syndicate by which opera enthusiasts can take single seats in boxes. So the boxes, several of which have made into one, don't look empty, which is all for the good of the house, and as it works out cheaper for those who want to go nearly every night, it is all for the good of the individual. Lady Alexandra Haig is one of the members of the syndicate, and rarely misses a night. I hear that she has quite settled down in the flat that she has taken in Manchester Square, and means to live there from now on. She is a versatile person, for her interest in music is active as well as passive; she was a journalist for a time, and she is well above the average at tennis and golf.

Many people have migrated to Scotland for the amateur golf championship which started at Muirfield on Monday, and several are entertaining house parties for the event. Major and Mrs. Geoffrey Lubbock will have Lord Donoughmore, Major Cyril Sloane Stanley, Mr. Montie Pease, and Mr. Bernard Darwin staying with them. Mr. Darwin, as you know, is golf correspondent of "The Times," and a very well known writer on golf.

Lady Oxford is staying at Holyrood with her niece, Lady Colquhoun, and driving out each day to watch the play. There will be much entertaining in Edinburgh this week, and besides a garden party in the grounds of Holyrood there will be a dinner-party nearly every night at the Palace.

I've been asked to remind you again about the Duty Night "First of June" Ball, at the Dorchester in aid of the Old War-Horses' Fund and of the International League Against the Export of Horses for Butchery. The 2-guinea tickets can be bought from any of the committee or from the Ball Secretary, 7, St. James's Street.—All my love to you, EVE.

P.S.—I forgot to put in a humble word of apology to Miss Mercia Swinburne, who in last week's issue I described as being present at Mrs. Cochran's all-star matinée, and as the mother of a daughter she does not possess. I do hope she will forgive me for this mistake.



RACING AT BALDOYLE: MR. O. V. WATNEY, MR. SIMON COMBE, AND MISS KITTY COMBE

Mr. Watney, who inherited what the death duties left him out of £2,000,000 and also that show place, Cornbury, races a good deal in Ireland. Mr. and Miss Combe are the son and daughter of Major Boyce Combe. Another daughter is Lady Castlereagh, who was married last year

LOOKING PLEASANT



MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT

As she appears at the St. Martin's Theatre in John Van Druten's unusual dramatic and convincing new play, "Somebody Knows," which hinges on an unsolved murder mystery in a Kennington boarding house. As Eunice Malvinetti, the landlady's daughter, Miss Nesbitt gives a fine and subtle performance



ONE OF THE SITWELLS

Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, the beautiful wife of a brilliant husband. Mrs. Sitwell favours the much discussed style of coiffure known as "wind-swept," and it certainly suits her. In appearance she greatly resembles her sister, Frances Doble, who is now delighting audiences at the Royalty in "While Parents Sleep"



IN HER HOURS OF EASE: MISS THEA HOLME

Photographs by Dorothy Wilding

Well endowed with good looks and charm, Miss Thea Holme plays with success in Ivor Novello's "I Lived with You," her rôle being that of the mannequin daughter of the suburban family who give shelter to a destitute Russian prince. She also appeared in "The Naughty Nineties," and was the heroine of "She Passed through Loraine"



IN THE SUNSHINE

Lillian Bond, who is playing the lead in the Universal picture, "The Old Dark House," is here in a very summery Californian setting. The lady is one of the most attractive of Hollywood's young brigade

A FEW short weeks ago, Johnny Weissmuller was to me barely a name. Even the knowledge that he was America's swimming champion hardly thrilled me. For international athletes are still a long way behind film stars in order of popularity, and I thought that swimming might be Weissmuller's chief claim to stardom, just as Laurence Tibbett's chief claim to that proud position in his singing. And it would be even more difficult to get romantic about an inveterate swimmer than about an inveterate singer.

However, now that I have seen the hero of Tarzan, the Ape Man, at the Empire, I must confess at once that he is all that fancy and the publicity people painted. There is nothing of the ape about Johnny Weissmuller except his wonderful agility in tree climbing. And there is nothing, on the other hand, especially remarkable about his face except that its expression of simplicity is very aptly suited to the part. But his body is like the body of a Greek athlete—perfectly proportioned on a large scale, and utterly graceful both in movement and repose. And, realizing this, the people who made this film have made the most of it. He has been kept on dry land nearly all the time, walking, running, and climbing and fighting the most realistic fights with lions and leopards and other wild animals. In his one and only swimming display he outpaces hungry crocodiles with little effort.

Tarzan being, therefore, such as I have attempted to describe him, and being, moreover, a free and happy soul, unfettered by the ties of civilization, his effect on a young and sophisticated American girl is a foregone conclusion, even though his vocabulary is very limited! But perhaps I should mention just how this wild man of the jungle and this American girl, Maureen O'Sullivan, happen to meet. She is the kind of daughter who suddenly swoops down on an indulgent elephant-hunting father in darkest Africa. And as her father, Aubrey Smith, and his young partner, Neil Hamilton, are just planning to go out in search of the secret place where the elephants go to die, so that they may find the treasure of ivory, there is nothing for it but to take her with them.

The secret place is tabooed by native superstition, and natives attempting to find it are punished by death. Such being the case, I was surprised that the three whites were able to collect so many bearers for the expedition. However, the taboo provides an excuse for some necessary incidents in the way of trials and tragedies on the

THE CINEMA

By LENZ

outward journey. For once arrived in the domain of Tarzan, who promptly seizes the girl and carries her up into the tree-tops, where the sleeping arrangements are nothing if not decorous, the party has little to do but wander and wait aimlessly until the ape-man—always a gentleman—returns her to her father. Though this is done at her own request, from a sense of duty, she has been long enough with Tarzan for horror to turn to love. So it is with a sad heart that she goes off with the others to be captured by pigmies while Tarzan returns sorrowing to his tree-tops.

But not to remain there long. For when his little ape friend (the comedian of the picture whose name should certainly appear on the cast list) warns him of his loved one's danger, what a hero and a he-man he turns out to be! Swimming the crocodile-infested river, he summons his faithful herd of elephants, and together they stampede the pigmy village and save the whites, but not the natives, from horrible torture. But poor Aubrey Smith is not allowed to survive for long, as obviously he is a tie which would prevent Maureen from remaining with her Tarzan. So he dies, just as a dying elephant has carried him to the goal of his desire, and is buried with the elephants. And Neil Hamilton has such a graceless part that I felt no sympathy when he had to make the return journey alone, leaving the girl he loved to teach the ape man many things besides the American language.

The most surprising thing about this film is that the dialogue has been written by Ivor Novello. And I am still wondering how much of it is really naïve and how much of it is only pretended so. Anyhow it produces much laughter, so what does it matter if the laughter is derisive now and then.

A very different kind of film called *The Crowd Roars*, which has been a tremendous success in the States, is on at the Regal this week. The star part is taken by James Cagney, that tough, pugnacious, and hard-boiled little man who certainly appears here at his toughest, most pugnacious, and hardest boiled. But that may be all to the good, for this film is primarily designed for those who are made of stern stuff, being mostly taken up with motor racing. Its effect on me, personally, though thrilling, was very tiring.

Many scenes are of actual races which have taken place on various tracks in the States, and several of America's leading drivers are seen, incidentally. These racing sequences, of which there are no less than three, are certainly packed with thrills, and it needed some expert camera work to record them. Cars skidding, crashing, overturning, and jumping the banking. Cars bursting into flames and leaving trails of blazing oil and petrol to be crossed, lap after lap, by other cars. And in the actual story, two cars, bent on beating or fouling each other, being kept apart by the driver of a third, who loses his own life in saving the lives of rival brothers.

In this way the best character in the film is removed. I could take little interest either in James Cagney, or in the devoted woman who loved him so long before he would marry her, or in the enthusiastic kid brother who started as his pupil and ended by eclipsing him in the world of racing drivers. And there is not one moment of humour to relieve the tension.

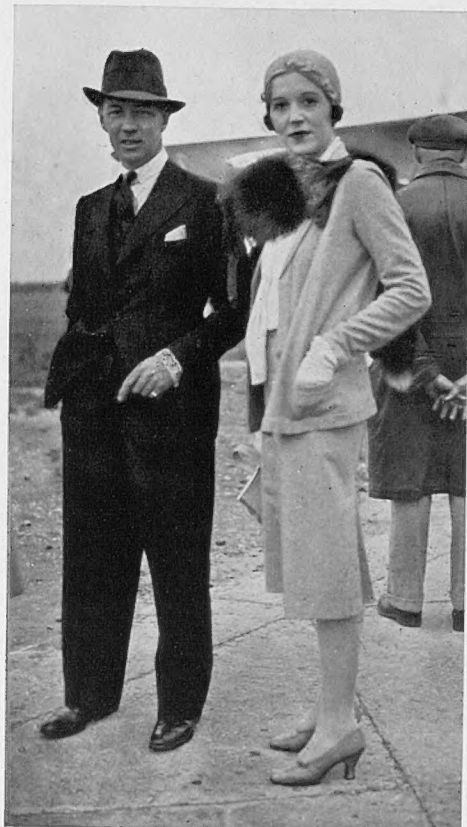


LILY DAMITA AND ROLAND YOUNG, WHO ARE IN "THIS IS THE NIGHT"

A picture taken off the set, and not of a scene in this Paramount musical sensation, which was produced at the Plaza. Lily Damita is French, and was born in Paris. She commenced her career at the Folies Bergères, and eventually became the star of the Casino de Paris. As a matter of fact, before all this she had made her film début at the tender age of six

'PLANE TALES FROM HESTON

The Household Brigade's Flying Meeting



INTERESTED ONLOOKERS

Mr. Dale Bourn, the golfer, with Mrs. Mills, who, like her sister-in-law, Lady Chesham, is always exceedingly chic. She looked charming in an off-white suiting. The sunshine brought out many smart outfits



MISS M. DUNCAN AND MR. CAMPBELL-ORDE

General Duncan's second daughter was one of the prettiest girls present at Heston when the Household Brigade Flying Club held its meeting. The many entertaining spectacles included an aerial set-to between an Autogiro and a light plane



MISS VILLIERS AND MRS. CHISHOLM

Miss Angela Villiers, the eldest of Lady Victoria Villiers' four daughters, takes the keenest interest in all sporting events, and found the contests at Heston most exhilarating. She has a brother in the Brigade



MR. AND LADY BARBARA GORE

Mr. "Chris" Gore, a popular young man, married Lady Barbara Montgomerie in 1930. They live in Chelsea, and have a son who is just one year old. Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy, the well-known Labour M.P., had also brought his wife to watch the Household Brigade take the air



LIEUT.-COMDR. AND MRS. KENWORTHY



AMONG THOSE PRESENT

Lord Brecknock scans the sky while Mrs. Rex Colclough, in an enviable check suit, takes a less exalted view of the situation. A display of aerial acrobatics by Flight-Lieutenant Stainforth (of Schneider Cup fame) in a Hawker Fury was a thrilling feature of this very excellent meeting

Racing Ragout : By "GUARD-RAIL"

IT is a great tragedy that Newmarket which, to my mind stands alone as a place to go racing, should be so inaccessible. Having been obliged to motor down and up all three days of last meeting, I am convinced that no man's sanity could stand the monotony of that road for a four-days' meeting, yet no facilities to speak of are afforded by the railway company, whose engines and track possibly wouldn't stand higher speeds or heavier traffic. The town contains no really modern hotel, as out of race weeks there would be no call for it. The racing on the whole was of no very absorbing interest, and the Newmarket Stakes threw no further light on the Derby. In a very differently run race to the 2,000 Guineas the placings of Miracle and Rolling Rock were more or less the same, and the Derby chances of none were enhanced, though Miracle has improved himself since the Guineas more than I should have believed possible. He is an enormous horse for whom the Rowley Mile might have been purposely constructed, but he doesn't give one the idea of a Derby horse. Fred Darling's own filly, Supervisor, though not the most taking of animals to look at, is a bullet from the gate, and is sure to win the Woodcote at Epsom, which is, I believe, her next outing. Nun's Veil is probably about as good. Beckhampton ran into form with a vengeance, winning four races at the meeting and being second once and third twice. Such a funk was established that at Gatwick on the Saturday Fickle from the same establishment on no known form was seriously backed to beat April the Fifth, who had run fifth in the Guineas. Had the latter come from

Beckhampton and the former been trained in Mr. Tom Walls' small establishment April the Fifth would have been unbackable at any price, and this is no disrespect to Mr. Walls' very efficient and successful training.

Even the backers of the favourite, Coup de Lyon, in the last race at Newmarket, felt a twinge of regret that he got the race on the disqualification of that nice colt, Benskin, from Miss Norah Wilmot's stable. In addition, some of the patrons like a bet, and he is now as fully exposed as the intimate life of the soubrette peeress who causes so many hands to shake as if with incipient palsy on opening their Sunday paper.

There has been a good deal of talk with regard to horses being "got at" by means of a squirt or some such agency just before they run. Like many other people I was inclined to be sceptical until I was informed about it, with chapter and verse by an unimpeachable authority at the last meeting. The effect, I understand, is to send the horse crazy in the early stages of the race, after which he blows up and comes in so distressed that he is affected for days. Wearing an "all over cooler" might be a protection against it, but it should not be impossible to catch the criminal red-handed, and letting the crowd break up him and his principals,

say, in that dull lunch hour between the first and second races at Ascot, would be a more than effective deterrent.

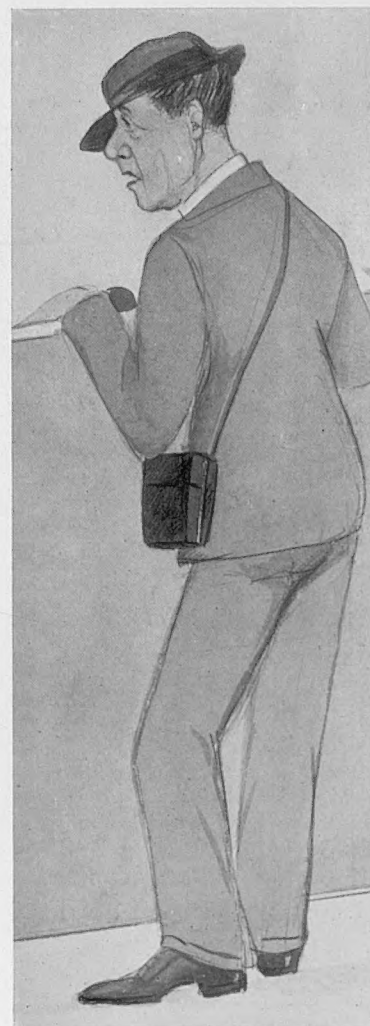
Truly the life of a trainer with this menace in view becomes harder than ever. There are many who think that a trainer's life consists in trying horses about six days a week and then turning up at Newmarket in an "old world" or a "sporting" costume, having a "monkey" on a cast-iron good thing (after "shopping" all his best friends), and departing for home in a Bentley. This is far from the truth. In any well-conducted modern establishment the head lad trains the horses and the trainer trains the owners—a far more difficult business. The whole secret of successful training is the placing of the horses, and while the owner will wish the horse to run at a meeting adjacent to where he is spending the week-end it is the trainer's business to persuade the owner to spend the week-end near the meeting where the horse has a chance. I was present the other day when an owner rang up his trainer to say that he was coming at 9 p.m.!! that night, as he wished to see his horse which was due to run next day! "Will you show him the horse?" I asked. "But certainly," he replied, "at least I shall show him a useless brute I've got of about the same colour," which all goes to show that tact and discretion are a *sine qua non*.

Arrived on a racecourse after having been out with both "lots," rushed into the sales, and bolted his lunch, his progress across the paddock, should he have a runner, is interrupted at every stride. The owner may have backed it at starting price, and it is up to the trainer to discourage tactfully not only all the owner's acquaintances, but the lovely women who at other times avoid him like he had the small-pox, and even complete strangers, who only know him from the cheaper cigarette advertisements. In one case like this, not so long ago, the animal in question, who had done a really good gallop was sent to the post in blinkers, but became so wild that the jockey took them off and put them inside his jacket. Gallops and good things somehow don't come off, and as the trainer saw the price of a season's hunting being slowly dragged through the mud into eleventh place he was accosted by a youth, a complete stranger, whose double allowance of front teeth and pittance of grey matter was probably the fault of being born during the March rush. "I backed your filly," he said, "and I was looking for the blinkers." "Oh! were you?" was the mild retort. "How odd. I was looking for the — filly," and no more. What control! Trainers do, of course, have their purple patches when everything works out right, and the bets, 10 per cent., and the presents come in. There are also quite a number of first-class owners. Some understand the game with all its manifold disappointments and heart-rending reversals, producing sympathy as well as expecting it, and taking short arm jolts like McCorkindale. Perhaps the best, however, is the one who is out of normal telephoning distance, and keeps a gigantic string in training without bothering much about results, and how hard they are to find.



THE COUNTESS OF ROSEBERY

The charming wife of the owner of Miracle, the colt which won the Newmarket Stakes after a performance in the Guineas which looked too bad to be true. Many of us think Miracle is going to give the present Lord Rosebery his first win in the Derby. Sandwich won him his first class c—the Leger—last year



MR. "QUINNIE" GILBEY

A wonderful and by no means counterfeit presentment of a very familiar figure at the meetings. The essence of a good caricature is that the victim should be able to say "That's Me!" and feel rather pleased about it

UPON THEIR SPORTING OCCASIONS



THE DERBYSHIRE YEOMANRY SPORTS: A boat's crew. Names, second from left to right: Sir Charles Markham, Sir Ian Walker, Mr. Clowes, —, and Lord Scarsdale



AT HUNTINGDON 'CHASES: Mr. G. R. C. Foster, M.F.H., Miss Haze Barkley, and Mr. John Drinkwater



AT THE SOUTHWELL 'CHASES: LORD ALLERTON, MR. MELTON VASEY, AND MR. E. M. DAWSON



ALSO AT SOUTHWELL: Mrs. Francis Ley, Miss Ley, and Captain Andrew Knowles



AT THE DERBYSHIRE YEOMANRY SPORTS: Captain the Hon. Evan and Lady Maud Baillie and Judy, Peter, and Michael Baillie, their children, and James and Arthur Lawson

At the Derbyshire Yeomanry Sports (pictures at the top and the bottom) the organizers, as is usual at that sort of thing, made the competitors do the most uncomfortable things, and that "boat's crew" of well known Meynell and polo (Sir Ian Walker) personalities do not look too happy. Lady Maud Baillie is Master of the famous High Peak Harriers. Mr. G. R. C. Foster, M.F.H., who is seen in the group with the famous playwright-poet, Mr. John Drinkwater, is Joint Master of the Cambridgeshire hounds. At Southwell Lord Allerton won the Farndon Hurdle Race on Mr. R. Renton's Larchmont, an odds-on chance

Photographs by Howard Barrett



SEVEN BUNDLES OF MISCHIEF TO MANAGE

Abery

Animal photography is not everyone's oyster, and it is sometimes extremely difficult to get the sitters as you want them. In this case the mother and family could not have been posed much better

A Story for the Ladies.

UP to a certain generous point unselfishness is the most lovely among all the virtues. Beyond that point it seems to me that an angel gives birth to a whole cohort of devils. All the more gross examples of utter selfishness have been brought up by the inordinate sacrifice of someone in whom self-sacrifice had become almost a complex. And this is bad for both parties. For if you are unselfish beyond a very generous point you defeat its own most lovely ends. Bringing willingly the gifts of service you may easily create only arrogance and an utter disregard of anybody's feelings and rights except the one who receives. And no human being should ever be allowed to reach those unlovely depths. Selfishness, unfortunately, is a certain strength of character—the strength of the moral bully. Unselfishness, equally unfortunately, can so easily be carried to such lengths that character is submerged altogether and, in the place of a human being with certain individual rights, there arises a slave who is denied any rights at all—even the right of an hour's daily solitude. When I began to read Richmal Crompton's new novel, "The Odyssey of Euphemia Tracy" (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.), I thought I was about to read one of those pitiful stories in which a daughter sacrifices all her time and strength, all the best years of her life, for a parent who, in spite of his infirmities, would have been all the better for a straight one under the chin and no argument. Parents can be terrible bullies under the guise of parental love and, having power over their children when they are children, can get firmly ensconced in their tyranny before their offspring realize that there comes a time when the duty of children towards their parents is as nothing beside the duty of their parents towards them. When unselfishness and self-sacrifice are merely taken for granted without the least feeling of appreciation, it is time that something drastic were done about it. Otherwise it is a life for a life and for no purpose. Euphemia Tracy had reached such an impasse. Her old bed-ridden father not only made a slave of her but insulted her on every possible and impossible occasion. After a time it would have been better had she let him get on with it and banged the front door behind her. Unfortunately, the loveliest side of all unselfish people is the way they can make excuses for those who batten upon their sacrifice. And don't the selfish people know this only too well? It is their greatest security. Everybody hates a spoilt child, but equally detestable is a spoilt grown-up. And there are millions of them, all enjoying their own miseries. Euphemia's father, however, dies at the end of the first chapter, but not before his daughter has passed her fortieth birthday and become the Complete Frump. Speaking personally, I found the story degenerated badly after this. I hoped it was going to be the poignant tale of one of those more pitiful tragedies in real life: the middle-aged woman who, through her own unselfishness, has missed all the joy of life, and then is landed too late for joy among the unwanted and unloved. But it turned out to be merely a pleasant kind of Cinderella story, in which a plain woman, thanks to nice clothes, finds not only friendship but

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

admiration, and eventually a good husband. Her mother was a parlourmaid and her father was a valet, but at the end of the first chapter Euphemia becomes a "lady." She was of the working-class, but her creator didn't apparently know how to keep her there. So she might as well have been middle-class from the start. At any rate, with £20 saved from the sale of her cottage home, she went to London, found herself in a Ladies' Residential Club, then as companion house-keeper to a famous writer, the confidante of a number of well-drawn young people of the Chelsea-Bohemian persuasion, and finally the wife of a doctor who appreciated her at her true worth and could exchange with her enthusiasms over Shakespeare, Chaucer, and the older classics. So, of course, the story is pure fairy tale, the kind of fairy tale which grown-up women can read and read again and again, always with themselves as the Cinderella-like heroine, since most of us at forty are plainish. As such it is very charmingly done; none the less charming because we have met all the characters before—in books. But then "The Odyssey of Euphemia Tracy" is just a story, and must be considered only as such. Women will love it.

A Delightful Study.

When Miss E. Æ. Somerville, of the inimitable partnership of Somerville and Ross, turned out a large black box of old letters, old drawings, old family souvenirs, the nucleus of a most delightful biography of her own great-great-grandfather, Charles Kendal Bushe, was born. The biography is called "An Incorruptible Irishman" (Nicholson and Watson. 18s.), and as the study of the eighteenth century in Ireland, as well as the account of a remarkable man and his wholly delightful family, the book is quite fascinating. Charles Kendal Bushe earned for himself the title of "Incorruptible," because, almost alone of his contemporaries in high positions, he refused to be bribed by the English Government into giving up his political principles as an Irish patriot to an English dictatorship. He ended up as Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, Ireland, however. But it is not his career which interests so much in these days as the fascinating picture the book gives of his marriage and private life, culled from these old letters and papers which were discovered by his great-great-granddaughter in the old black box. Letters, love letters, little diaries which breathe so ardently the delight of the Present that they clutch at the heart, as of something intimate and beautiful which from the grave begs not to be quite forgotten. Incidentally, the book gives a vivid picture of one of the troubles in Ireland, and one of the worst, the trouble over a century ago which preceded the Union. And with it is combined a charming picture of family life in the eighteenth century, and of Dublin during that period when Dublin was one of the gayest capitals in the world. And from beginning to end the story is linked up with remarks



Erwin Neame

MISS MEVAGH FORBES

The charming daughter of Colonel and Mrs. James Stewart Forbes, who has decided on a film career and is playing a part in "While London Sleeps." Her mother, who was Miss Feridah Taylor, is a very good sculptress. Colonel James Stewart Forbes is heir-presumptive to Sir John Stewart Forbes, Bt., and a brother of Lady Edmonstone, mother of the Joint Master of the Fernie

(Continued on p. 322)

FALSE SECURITY!

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



Patient (to dentist): This 'ere rubber debenture wot I 'ad from you ain't no use at all

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

and criticism and asides so enchantingly Somerville-and-Ross-ish that I need say no more. If you know what I mean, whatever other new book you may miss you won't miss reading this one. Finally, it is profusely illustrated with little black-and-white drawings made by Charles Kendal Bushe's own daughter, and these are as fascinating as anything in the book.

The Sympathetic Story of Two Unsympathetic People.

That most of the time you are interested in the fate of two people whom I defy any reader to like, is the great triumph of "The Soldier and the Gentlewoman" (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.), by Hilda Vaughan. Dick Einon-Thomas made the poorest soldier and Gwenllian was really only a gentlewoman in her own estimation. Dick was a most unheroic creature: weak, pasty-faced, and too fond of whisky, with one of those nasty urban natures—like an ornately vulgar bungalow set in a beauty spot and with a cheap gramophone blaring a cheap record out of a French window giving on to a plaster statue of an indeterminate Venus. Gwenllian, on the other hand, was so county-family-ish that her "soul" still drove about in a brougham. That these two ever married was due to Gwenllian's determination to possess the ancestral Welsh home which otherwise would have passed completely to Dick and then probably to his creditors. She was twelve years older than he was and she never pretended to love him but, like a cat, she clung on desperately to her ancestral hearth. She had every justification for hating her husband, but, taking her all in all, he was equally justified in disliking her. At one moment it would seem that, after the birth of their first child—a boy—Dick might be ignored, since the inheritance of Plas Einon was consequently secure. But Dick was one of those weak men who can't be ignored. Their weakness is always spoiling the superior purpose of other people's strength. Their weakness is not static, only just plastic enough to be moulded by any evil influence which happens to be standing by. Eventually the relations between husband and wife became strained to such a degree that Gwenllian openly despised him and Dick, in revenge, knowing her vulnerable spot, threatens so to impoverish the estate that the heir will likely inherit nothing. Yet even this is not a real fight; it is only a mean advantage. The working out of this tragedy of two people utterly incapable of speaking the other's language is logical enough. The story is interesting all the way through, yet curiously unmoving. Gwenllian was such a snob—not in a vulgar way, but in a way which belongs to a previous generation and outlook. Dick was just a weak fool who happened to miss caddishness. Thus when at last he is struck down by pneumonia and Gwenllian, having nursed him devotedly, cannot bear the prospect of his complete recovery—she, to all intents and purposes, murders him—one is not grieved for Dick nor particularly happy about what becomes of Gwenllian. Indeed, if the novel hadn't been so admirably told, I daresay most readers wouldn't be bothered to read it. But it is. Miss Hilda Vaughan is so capable a novelist that she makes us interested in, even if not sympathetic to, a hero and a heroine with whom nobody would like to identify themselves and not many care to meet.

Another Ill-assorted Couple.

"Immortal John" (Desmond Harmsworth, 7s. 6d.), by Renée Haynes, is another well-written story of two people, husband and wife, who as human beings are dislikeable, yet in whom you cannot help being interested. John was born into great possessions, but having quarrelled with his father over a shot fox he throws in his future with the proletariat. It is an immense step for him to take, but he takes it. Born without a sense of humour, and so without that sense of proportion which a sense of humour brings to life, he throws himself body and soul into what becomes in actuality a mission. Unfortunately, it is not so easy in the modern state to keep proletariat. The need for earning a living can so quickly put a man into a black coat and hand him over to the bourgeois. After being a manual labourer for a time, and unemployed for a longer period, John, following a row in Hyde Park during which he is injured, is forced to take on a job which is suspiciously black-coated. To salve his conscience he marries a working-class, uneducated girl who, after marriage, turns into one of those boring suburban snobs upon whose collective enthusiasm many a titled nincompoop becomes a notable in the social columns. The married life of these two is admirably described. John full of visions,

his wife only desiring the parlour comforts. And against this tragedy is pictured the events which led up to the General Strike of 1926. A pity the final solution of all this is not more satisfactory. Nevertheless, "Immortal John" is a novel which you should not miss.

An Impressive, but Uncomfortable Story.

"Headlines" (Hamish Hamilton, 7s. 6d.), by Janette Cooper, is a tale on the lines of that tragic play, *Late Night Final*. Briefly, it is the terrible Odyssey of a wretched woman who is hounded down by American reporters when her tragedy seems likely to make good headlines in their beastly yellow

newspapers. The publishers state that "this novel is true, every word of it." It may well be. Here, briefly, is the outline of the story. Arden Hollister, as a child of seven, is taken to live with a community of religious cranks, under the personal influence, of course, of the usual, many-wived "Messiah." She was seventeen before she went to Chicago, and there met a decent man with whom she fell in love and married. Later on, Lawrence Kendall lost all his money and, in his despair concerning what will become of his wife and children, he takes to drugs. Under the influence of these drugs he shoots a woman who has him in her power, and was about to break up his home. He is arrested, whereupon Arden's privacy is immediately invaded by every type of reporter, and by every means whereby they can gain entrance into her home. From that moment until the execution of her husband (Kendall) a year later, she is exposed to every form of publicity degradation, degradation to which she herself is forced to pander in the hope that the stunts she has to perform will influence public opinion in her husband's favour at his trial. Here, again, you have a novel which is no mere pleasant reading, but it is dramatic, moving, and painful in the way which engenders righteous wrath. It is a terrible indictment of American yellow journalism, but it is very well worth reading.



Bystander (politely): I suppose, sir, you get a lot of enjoyment out of this game?
Golfer (distantly): Enjoyment? One plays golf either well or indifferently—one does not enjoy it!

STAGE AND SOCIETY

A Quartette of Pleasing People

London heartily congratulated itself when last autumn it recaptured Miss Gertrude Lawrence from America, and it is sincerely hoping that this very delightful person will not be snatched away for another trip across the Atlantic. At the moment she is enjoying a little well-earned leisure after a protracted answering of the query, "Can the leopard . . . ?" It is likely that Gertrude Lawrence will be doing a considerable amount of film work in the near future, her first talkie, "Aren't We All?" having been such an outstanding success



THE ONE AND ONLY GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

Peter North



MISS JEANNE STOURTON

Hay Wrightson



MISS VIVIEN ST. GEORGE

Yevonde



MISS VIRGINIA GRAHAM

Claude Harris

The youngest daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Stourton is generally to be seen about with Miss Margaret Whigham and Lady Bridgett Poulett. Energy and enterprise are characteristics of her personality. Engaging Miss Vivien St. George, whose portrait by Doris Zinkeisen hangs in this year's Academy, is to be married on June 7 to Mr. A. F. Stanley-Clarke. Captain and Mrs. Harry Graham's tall daughter (see right) has an original mind and likes to think things out for herself. Her father needs no introduction as author, lyric writer, and super-humorist



OXFORD UNIVERSITY POLO PERSONALITIES

Lord George Scott, the youngest son of the Duke of Buccleuch, Mr. P. C. Oldfield, and the Hon. Charles Wood, Lord Irwin's eldest son. None of them were in the team which beat Cambridge last season. The Inter-Varsity match this year is on July 7

FURTHER outlook—unsettled! We hear this so often that it ought not to be necessary for the Meteorological Department to issue any other kind of weather report. We have had the thick-end of eighteen months of it, and so we ought to be getting used to it. The only places in which polo has been possible so far—and at the time I write we are in the third week of May—are in London, Ranelagh a few games in their Fortnightly Cup; at the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club, where their grounds are so well drained that they recover very quickly, and also as they have eleven of them it does not matter very much if they cut a few of them up; and at Tidworth, where the regiments in the Southern Command, one of which is the Greys, produced ten teams for the Blakiston-Houston Cup, which was played at that good spot for sport, Perham Down.

People who go about with faces as long as fiddles where polo is concerned might make a note of this fact that ten teams started for this show at Tidworth, and that one cavalry regiment, the Greys, sent two teams into action, their "C" team and their "A" team. "C" won it by 6 to 2½, "A" having only half a goal start. The Greys won the Subalterns' Gold Cup at Ranelagh last season, beating the 4th Hussars 9 to 4, and in the Inter-Regimental they were knocked out 5 to 3 by the eventual winners, the Bays. I did not see this tie at Tidworth last year, but those who did say that it was a much nearer thing than the actual final between the Bays and the R.A. at Hurlingham (5—2), and that for two-thirds of the way over the Greys were lying right upsides with their formidable opponents. It was 2 all at the end of the fourth chukker

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

of the six. On this form we ought to believe that they may be the next best thing to the Bays in this year's Inter-Regimental, and it is quite possible that this will prove to be true. In this tournament at Tidworth this year, in the two Greys' teams in the final, Mr. M. H. E. Lopes and Mr. R. L. Findlay of the regimental team were in the victorious "C" side, and Mr. H. R. Mackeson, the regimental back, was in the "A" team. Mr. H. P. Guinness, their International, was not playing. It looks as if they would have all their 1931 team available this season, and they appear to have any amount of useful reserve ammunition. Of course, it is always rather dangerous to base any calculation upon actual goal scores, because so much else is in a game, and it has happened ere now that a team which, on form, ought to eat its opponent, and has been all over it in the actual run of the battle, somehow manages to miss hitting the target at the vital moment. Take last year's Inter-Regimental final, for instance; although it is practically certain that the Bays would have won in any case, and thoroughly deserved to, it is equally certain that the Gunner forwards had at least half a dozen chances and missed them. It is just like rifle-shooting sometimes is—something happens at that vital moment when you press the trigger, you being certain that you are dead on the spot you want—the "seven o'clock," let's say, allowing for pull, kick, and wind.

That Inter-Regimental final last year interested me a lot because it made me regret that the 17th/21st Lancers were not here. It would have been a great game if they had met their old foemen for the fourth time of asking, and even though this R.A. team did not really extend them, if the Bays and the 17th/21st Lancers had been in last year's final, I think it is quite on the cards that the medium cavalry would have gone down. The Gunner attack last year in the first four chukkers was a furious one, and though it deserved to get through and their No. 3, Captain J. C. Campbell, kept on giving his forward chances, it has to be recognized that they were up agin something extremely hot in the Bays' No. 3 and back, Captain G. H. Fanshawe, and his brother, Captain E. D. Fanshawe. The game was over by the 4th chukker, when the score was 4—1, and the Bays were in the position of a jockey who has only got to sit still and keep a hold of his head to win comfortably. This was not quite the case—at least, so I am told—in the Bays' encounter with the Greys, for, as just recalled, they were neck and neck at the end of the 4th chukker. In the 5th the Bays made a serious raid and put on three goals, and stopped every attempt at a counter attack, and at 5—2 it looked all over, and, of course,

was so, because it was almost any calculable odds against the Greys being able to put on four goals in the last chukker. But everyone who saw the match and who told me about it, has said that for the first four there was nothing in it, and that the Bays were all out. In the 5th, they found that the enemy had said his piece, and so they did the obvious thing very promptly, put sufficient daylight between themselves and him to make it impossible for him to get up in the time left at his disposal. The Bays' judgment of pace at Hurlingham gave us all a lesson, and the same thing happened at Tidworth. In the Inter-Regimental semi-final the Bays beat the 4th Hussars (an all subaltern team) 7—3.



H.M. THE EX-KING OF SPAIN IN MALTA
(On right)—LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN

H.M. the ex-King of Spain was the guest of Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten during his recent stay in Malta, and presented a polo cup. It was won by the "Nimrods," and before the final His Majesty himself played in a friendly game

(Continued on p. xii)



A LEADER OF HAUTE SOCIÉTÉ

New portraits of the Marchioness of Crewe

A very distinguished figure in London society, Lady Crewe fully merits the description of *grande dame* in its best sense. The younger daughter of the late Lord Rosebery, she married Lord Crewe as his second wife in 1899, and has been a tremendous asset to him in his Ministerial and diplomatic career. During Lord Crewe's long term of office as British Ambassador to France, Lady Crewe shared her husband's great popularity in Paris. She always took a particular interest in the Hertford British Hospital and is Chairman of the Gala Matinée which is to be held on its behalf at Drury Lane on June 7. This hospital, founded in 1879 by the late Sir Richard Wallace (of Collection fame), is an immense boon to the British Colony in Paris; but, like so many other institutions largely dependent on voluntary contributions, it is finding the balancing of its budget an almost impossible task in these hard times



Photographs by Yevonde



LADY FINDLAY AND MR. ALEC BOWHILL



MR. AND MRS. HARGRAVE PAWSON

LADY HINDLIP AND
MRS. MILLSCOUNTESS PAUL MUNSTER
AND MRS. ONSLOW FANEMRS. GEOFFREY ACKROYD AND
HER CADDIE

AT LE TOUQUET FOR THE FRENCH GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

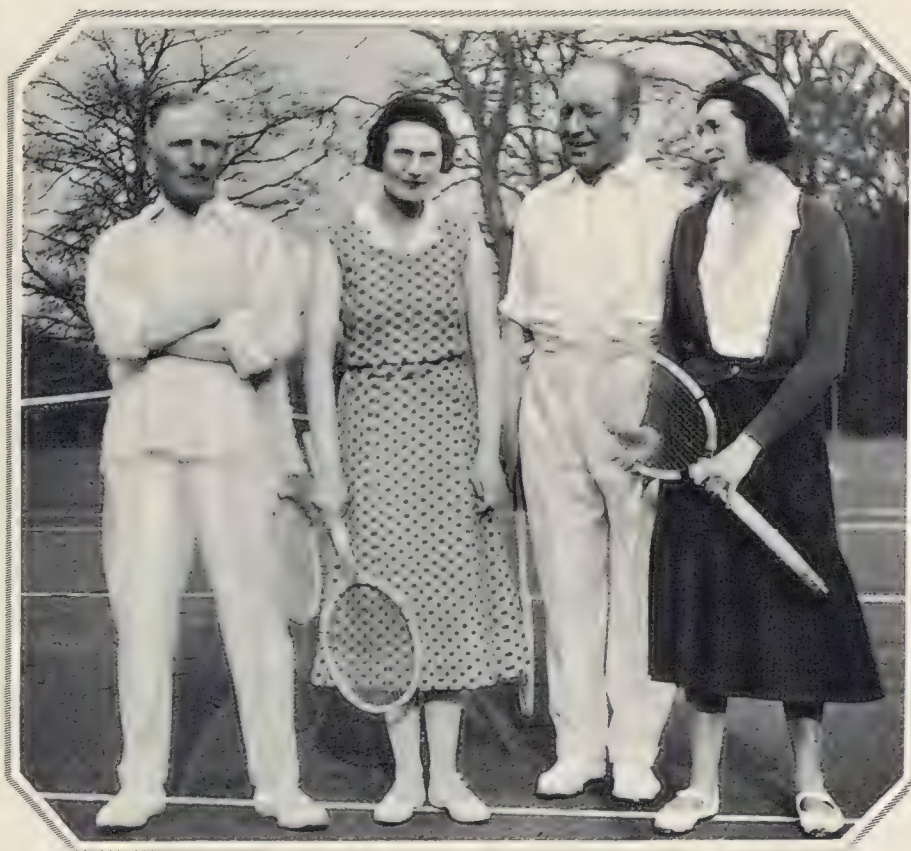
The French Open Amateur Golf Championship was the big excitement at Le Touquet during the week-end these snapshots of many well-known people were taken. They had better luck than we had on this side of the Channel at Wetsuntide. The French Championship resulted in an all-British final, as the holder, H. G. Bentley, and Noel Layton had cleared all before them and were left to play their 36 holes battle, which the holder won. Lady Findlay of Aberlour is the wife of Sir John Findlay, Bt., proprietor of "The Scotsman"; Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave Pawson, who are such familiar figures in Society, were en route to Cannes. Lady Hindlip, who is still a bride, as she was only married in February, was Miss Bridget Nickols, and whether by accident or design she and Mrs. Mills were in identical blue frocks. The Countess Paul Munster was Miss Peggy Ward and has been a Le Touquet "regular" from childhood up. Mrs. Geoffrey Ackroyd was snapped on the first tee with her favourite "Girl" caddy. Captain Ackroyd used to be in the Greys. Mrs. E. M. Cavendish, who is with Lord Carlisle, is a very well-known Le Touquet hostess

LORD CARLISLE AND
MRS. E. M. CAVENDISH

IN "THIS ENGLAND"—PLUS A BIT OF SCOTLAND



AT EATON HALL: MISS BARBARA REISS
AND MR. TOBY GREENALL



ALSO: CAPTAIN PERCY WHITAKER, MRS. SWINTON, CAPTAIN TOMMY GRAVES
AND THE MARCHIONESS OF CAMBRIDGE



ON THE SPEY: MR. SPENCER KENNARD, MR. T. ECCLES, LT.-COL. F. J. B. WINGFIELD
DIGBY, M.F.H., AND LT.-COL. ROMER-LEE



MR. BEVERLEY NICHOLS IN HIS GARDEN

The two groups at the top were taken at a recent house-party the Duke and Duchess of Westminster had at Eaton. Since this, Captain Percy Whitaker, the Aintree celebrity and well-known Newmarket trainer, has been on the sick list with an operation, but is now, let us hope, well on the way to recovery. Captain Tommy Graves is as well known racing and hunting as he is at that popular and comfortable spot, Nash's Club in Savile Row. The Marchioness of Cambridge is a daughter of the Hon. Osmond Hastings. Lt.-Col. Freddie Wingfield Digby, who with the other people in the group is fishing the Laggan Water on the Spey, is Master of the Blackmore Vale hounds and the owner of historic Sherborne. Mr. Beverley Nichols has just published a new book called "Down the Garden Path," which is all about gardening and what he calls rural sophistication—which is much the same thing



MLLE. JANE AUBERT

Hitchell Studios

The above picture is as she appears in "The Laugh Parade," that is touring the Big Towns with great success. Jane, it will be remembered, cannot return to play in Paris, where her husband, the Chicago Pork Packer, can legally prevent her from acting, for she was married in France

ALL the fun o' the Fair, Très Cher, all the fun o' the Fair! Though, strictly between our wee selves, that sort of fun, where I am concerned, is very much "the other man's poison"! I am sadly discovering that I am past the age that finds entertainment in being banged black and blue . . . and what I lose on the swings I don't want to take up on the roundabouts, or any of those amazing contraptions that make me feel very much the same as when the Channel crossing has been a little "too-too" for the somewhat indifferent sailor that I am. You may rightly gather from this that, the other evening, I accepted Léon Volterra's kind invitation to attend the opening night of his Amusement Fair, "Luna Park," at the *Porte Maillot*.

It coincided with the first really warm night that we have yet enjoyed this spring; it was, indeed, more than warm, a real sulphurously sultry evening, and, thinking of the Water Chute, the Scenic Railway, the Hydroplane Merry-go-Round, and all those theoretically delightful ways of rushing through the cool (?) night air, I was tempted and I fell! "Fell" in more ways than one, for in a weak moment I accepted a bet that I would not have the ginger to try out all the new contraptions invented for the express purpose of mixing one's liver and lights, to say nothing of the spleen and pancreas and other viscera.

At the time of writing I am still breathless and dizzy, but I won my bet, or as near as matters, for the bloke that made it gave up the ghost before I did. My eventful evening ended up with the murderously thing called "The Waltzer"! Imagine four large-size pudding-basins that each allows seating accommodation for four or five (six at a pinch, and I gather that a lot of pinching does take place in these affairs) brave passengers. These basins are attached to four spokes that revolve from a central hub (S.O.S., my dear P.V.) at such a furious speed as to leave the Blue Bird simply nowhere! The universe blurs and you feel, in a manner o' writing, that your tail-light has become entangled with your mascot, and that you will never be able to replace each where it belongs!

Priscilla in Paris

When this torture has endured for some thirty seconds or so, that feel like twenty million minutes, a grinning fiend—in oil-stained overalls which ought, really, to be of Mephistophelian red—manipulates a lever at the side of the track, and—à tour de rôle—each basin shoots off the revolving hub; there is a shuddering wrench and thud, and for one sickening moment you are sure you are being hurtled through space as you feel yourself bump up a short incline and careen into a dark—most mercifully dark—tunnel at the exit of which you come to rest—a rest that is so beautiful, so un hoped for, so utterly delicious that a beatific smile spreads over one's pallid features, and the on-lookers, poor saps, imagine that one has really enjoyed the fearsome experience! To be honest I must say that I really believe that some folks actually do enjoy it, since they line up, pay their money, over and over again, and wait patiently for the chief executioner to tip them back into the appalling machine.

Quant à moi. . . . I needed three trips on the Enchanted River, which was pleasantly slow and dim and ripplesome, in order to compose my countenance, my liver and the nerve I needed to claim my bet. For the rest of the evening I confined my activities to a wicker-work armchair at the Waterside Bar, where, by the way, it is well to order one's drinks "dry"—the Water Chute boats do all the moistening necessary as they pass!

The tiny house that is inhabited by a family of Lilliputians reminds one of Princess Elizabeth's birthday gift. The notice above the front door: "Mind your head," ought to be supplemented, inside the house, with "mind your girth"!!! One feels like a bull in a china shop in that diminutive and dainty dwelling . . . but perhaps this is merely a personal impression!

For me the pleasantest part of the Park is the enclosure that has been romantically, if not quite accurately, named "*Le Pôle Sud à Paris*." There Léon Volterra has arranged a very fine show of huge white Polar bears and their *café-au-lait* brothers; some seals, various other kinds of flip-fappers and

a whole regiment of penguins. They are lovely old ladies and gentlemen (though goodness knows which are which), for even the baby ones have an elderly air! So staid . . . so dignified, and withal so friendly! I usually hate any kind of "zoo" or animal exhibition, but here they are housed so well, so spaciouly, in such cleverly massed blocks of rock and stone that form warm, sand-lined cavities, and with such deep and wide bathing-pools, that I hope their captivity is bearable. With love, Très Cher,—PRISCILLA.



THE PRINCESSE ACHILLE MURAT

The latest picture of the famous French explorer-traveller and lecturer, in a picturesque Siamese costume, a personal gift to the Princesse by H.M. the King of Siam

SOME OF THE FILM'S LATEST



A GALLERY OF TO-DAY

(AT TOP) RENÉE GADD (LEFT) AND JEANETTE MACDONALD (RIGHT); AND BELOW, IN "TARZAN," AT THE EMPIRE, MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN AND JOHNNY WEISSMULLER, AND (ON RIGHT) WITH AUBREY SMITH

Pretty little Renée Gadd is in about the last film that the late Edgar Wallace ever wrote, the title of which is "Whiteface," a thriller which is being filmed by the Gainsborough British Lion Corporation, and Renée Gadd has a part that suits her extremely well. Jeanette Macdonald was not "on the set" when they took that attractive picture of her, but she is rarely permitted to be idle for any length of time. The other two pictures are in the ape film "Tarzan," at the Empire, with the world's champion swimmer, Johnny Weissmuller, in the name part. This talkie has excited so much interest that the papers started a competition about it: "What would you like most if you were Tarzan?" and a list of things was given. But no mention whatever appears to have been made of some stuff called Keatings—probably most useful under the rather trying circumstances

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By
ALAN BOTT

The Centre of the World

CAN - CANNERS, NOT
À LA MOULIN ROUGE,
AND ANGELS, NOT
EVEN DRESSED IN
WINGS.

PAVILION nights, with a difference. As in the old days, you hear haphazard song and blare, watch the dance through casual cigar-smoke, and use, if you will, the outer gang-way as a promenade. But this new, non-stop vaudeville has hit the male fancy like a kick from a horse, and become suddenly so popular that to find a five-shilling stall you must queue up as for income-tax payment when the country goes patriotic.

That was not for me, but it would have been without the chance that, arriving in white tie and without overcoat, I could bluff the queue's policeman into thinking I was Naunton Wayne's understudy back from round the corner. As a mushy sentimentalist over dear, dead days, I might not have minded the wait. The Piccadilly traffic swirls round like a tee-to-tum, the Underground rendez-vous opposite has thrown up its hands and disappeared into a shop, Swan and Edgar's has come over modern, the flower-girls do small trade. But Scott's is as before, Eros is back, the pretty ladies that swing their hips again wear long skirts, and a filmless London Pavilion, adventuring into Non-Stop Variety 2 p.m. till Midnight, has replaced the four-foot lights that proclaim it THE CENTRE OF THE WORLD.

Sufficient is there to flavour the queue, if you build up such programmes as an earlier self would have liked. I had only a few young visits to the pre-war Pavilion, but enough for me to have given the price of this article to summon these that follow.

George Formby, playing the game in the West. Gus Elen, waiting till the work comes rahnd. Vesta Tilley, decidedly, as the Burlington Bertie who had a banana with Lady Dieaana. Malcolm Scott. T. E. Dunville. Maisie Scott. Mark Sheridan of the stove-pipe hat, who did like to be beside the sea-side. Wilkie Bard shelling sea-shells. Beth Tate, who, unless she loved, declined to take chances 'neath evergreen branches. Charles Pond, fully licensed man. Harry Weldon (or was it Harry Champion that from morn till night blew out his kite on boiled beef and carrots?) And rich vulgarity's ripest queen, one of the ruins that Cromwell knocked about, Marie Lloyd herself. (I know that some belonged more to the Oxford or Tivoli; but taste the list, and weep for the royal command variety bill.)

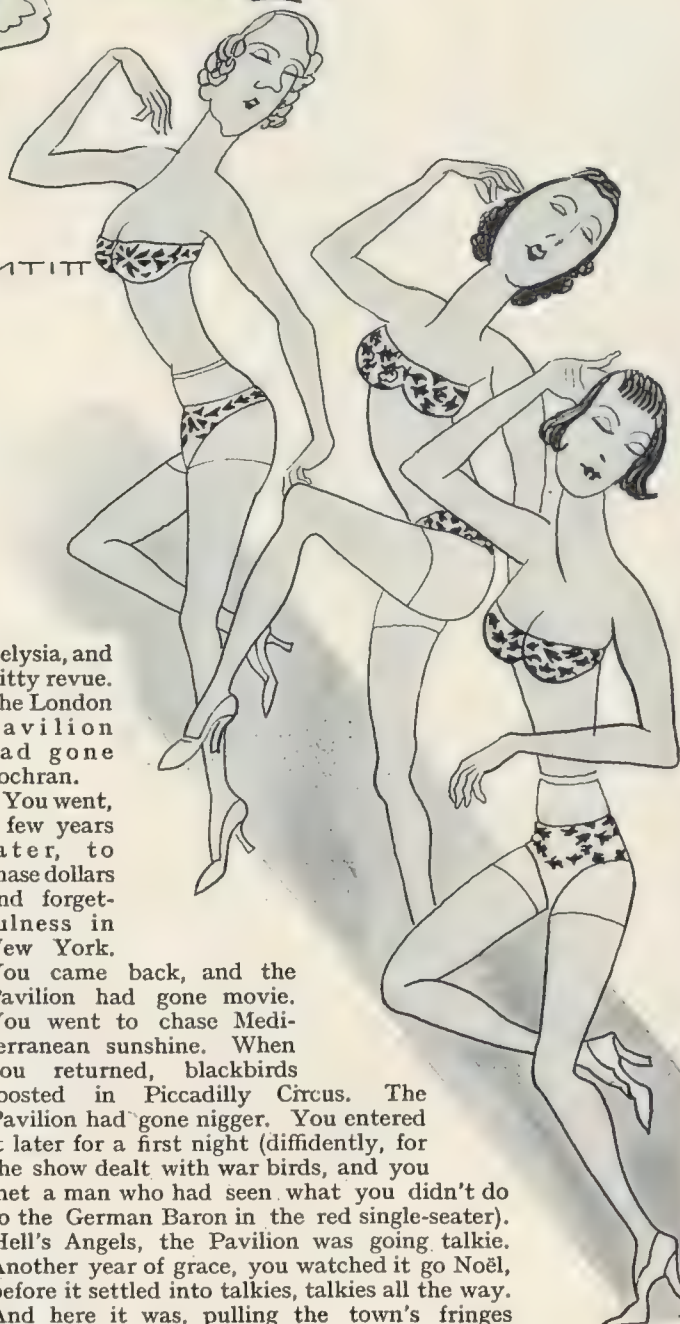
Aydimi, and all that. You left London to live in a French orchard. The only variety around was some Amiens stuff at a hall near the Hôtel du Rhin, for at a doubtful café in the Rue du Corps Nu Sans Tête. You drove to it after sundown, so as to get out of your head what happened on your air patrol at dawn, when you met the Baron's circus. You visited the old folks at home for ten days, and looked at the Centre of the World. In place of Gus Elen, Marie Lloyd, and the rest, there were Morton,

Delysia, and witty revue. The London Pavilion had gone Cochran.

You went, a few years later, to chase dollars and forgetfulness in New York. You came back, and the Pavilion had gone movie. You went to chase Mediterranean sunshine. When you returned, blackbirds roosted in Piccadilly Circus. The Pavilion had gone nigger. You entered it later for a first night (diffidently, for the show dealt with war birds, and you met a man who had seen what you didn't do to the German Baron in the red single-seater). Hell's Angels, the Pavilion was going talkie. Another year of grace, you watched it go Noël, before it settled into talkies, talkies all the way. And here it was, pulling the town's fringes with variety again.



TOM TITT





CHARLADIES KNOW HOW: JENNIE GREGSON, DOROTHY ASTRA, CONNIE CRIGHTON, OLGA ZITA, NANCY COLLINS.

The queue moves up, you buy your tabs. Frantic spasms hit your ear. Harry Roy is conducting his R.K. Oleans with one foot. He turns catherine wheels, yells like a boat-race coach. Members of his band rise, climb over each other, put on tin bowlers, shoot the next man's leg with a water-pistol, and continue to jerk out demoniac rhythm.

Your second turn is Interval (you never know what part of non-stop variety you will strike first, and clearly your seats cannot be booked). Then, a pair of American Full-of-Pep Boys, almost on a par with old-time's Two Bobs; Billy and Elsa Newell, with Latest Jokes and Songs from America; and Randolph Sutton, a light comedian whose verve and brilliantine topper might have been Whit Cunliffe's.

Interval again. Then "Our Cabaret," which recalls the past nohow. The Sixteen Pavilion Angels, dressed not even in wings. Berinoff and Charlot—a slim, blonde, three-quarters naked female dancer beautifully flung all round the place by a tall, graceful, Semitic, three-quarters naked male dancer. Naunton Wayne, a star who gets there every time with sophisticated jabbering. The Eight Parisian Cancan Dancers, trying to suggest the Moulin Rouge (they hold foamy white petticoats high above black stockings that throw bared thighs into prominence, but do not succeed because the modern chorus-girls have pretty, blank faces, and infer none of the vice intentionally worn by La Goulue and Nini Patten-l'Air). Ann Penn, ex-

cellent mimic, but not yet a Cissie Loftus. Frantic spasms hit your ear. Harry Roy is conducting his R.K. Oleans with one foot. . . it is your turn to make room for the next. The non-stop queue is still there.

That was that, and of its new kind a good show. What of comparison with that other world's headliners? It cannot be done. In variety's infinite variety, it is altogether different. You remember George Formby and poor shot Mark Sheridan, and think, "Well, they were fuller-blooded in those days." You note a car held near the pavement by a traffic cop; and coincidence makes you see in the flesh an ironic ghost. The car contains another old-timer, a survivor who yet does his 1912-1918 sobstuff in vaudeville bills (when new, it was so effective that, as a foil for the comics, you would have put him in your ideal programme, had you remembered earlier). He was *such* a sweet thing. How very prettily, and with what a nice walk, he did exiles and costers! There he now is, a middle-aged piece with half-grey hair, and powder over the lines on his face, but still slim, well-waisted, awfully neat and, but for the fretful eyes, quite handsome. He looks at his wrist watch and considers the traffic jam. As he cracks his fingers you guess he says: "Oh, bother!"

You turn to the London Pavilion lights, and dive into pathos with schoolboy dog-Latin: *Sic transit gloria centri mundi*. As you watch the dainty old-timer disappear, you murmur a free translation: "The end of a perfect fairyland."



FAST AND FURIOUS: ANN PENN, BILLY AND ELSA NEWELL, MAX AND HARRY NESBITT, RANDOLPH

SUTTON, FELOVIS JUGGLING, HARRY ROY, BERINOFF AND CHARLOT, NAUNTON WAYNE.

THE ADVENTURES OF SINBAD



NOT IN THE RULES!



COVENT GARDEN

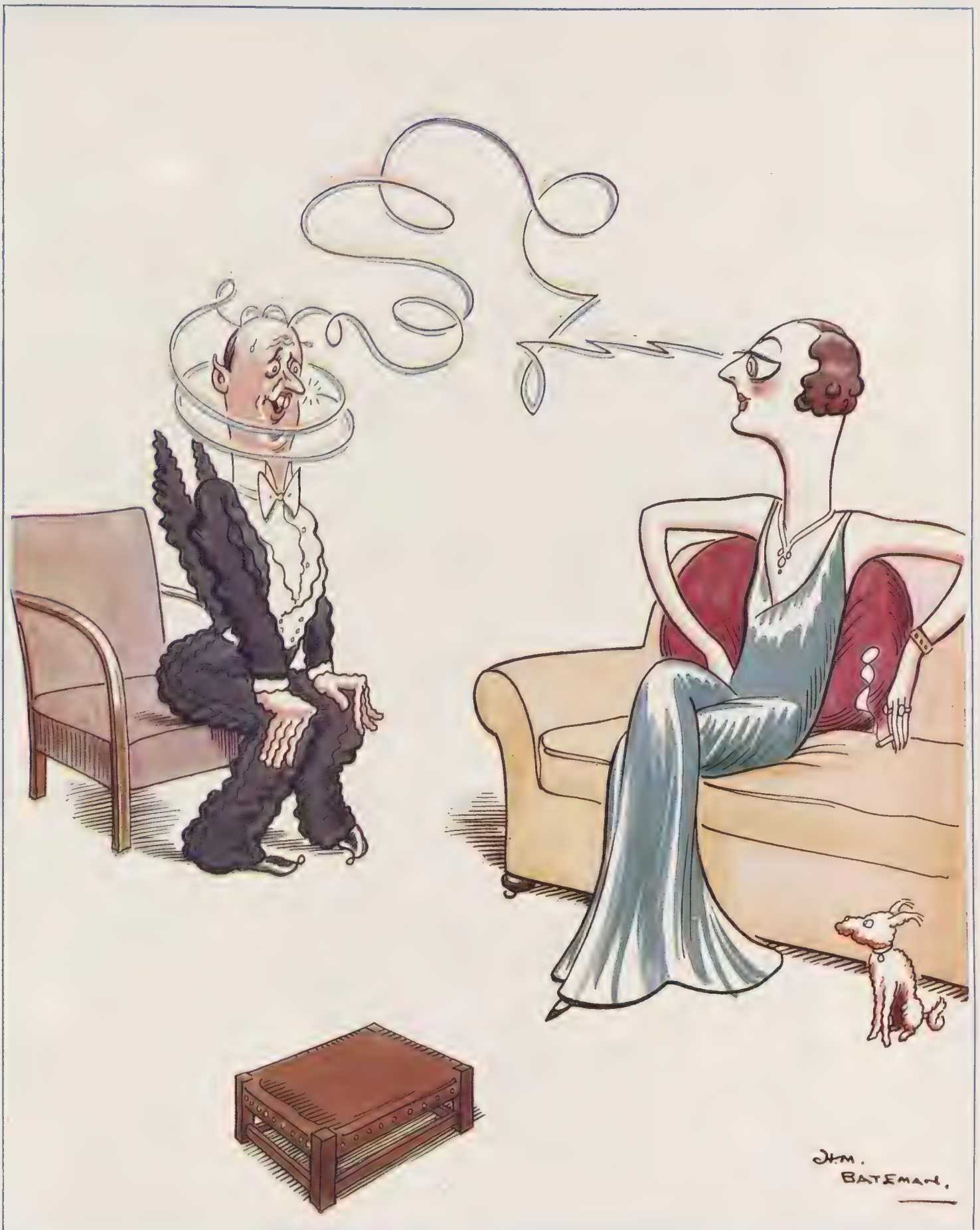
From the picture by W. B. E. RANKEN

GUINNESS

IS GOOD FOR YOU

Nothing
takes
its
place





THE SPELL

By H. M. BATEMAN



PRESIDENT DE VALERA LEADS IN THE

The Irish Hospitals Derby Sweep this year is expected to be a record, and this is what has inspired the artist to this flight of Gilbey, who are more or less "padding"! The draw is held on the 27th in the Plaza ballroom, Dublin, and it is this year tra commissioned to carry out the work of decoration. His scheme provides the Derby atmosphere and includes the painting of a stage where the drum is situated. The curve serves conventionally for Tattenham Corner. The frieze comprises all the leading

A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture can be obtained from the



THE REAL DERBY WINNERS OF 1932

fancy. In the background of this picture are at least three leading owners—Lord Derby, Mr. J. A. Dewar, and Sir Walter transformed into a panorama of Epsom racecourse. Mr. Lionel Edwards, the famous painter of horses and hunting scenes, was frieze eight feet deep running round three sides of the hall—down the two long sides of the hall and curving round over the episodes of Epsom race-course on Derby Day—the paddock, the parade, the start, the race, Tattenham Corner, and the finish offices of this paper at the price of 10s. 6d. each; signed artist's proofs at 20s. each; postage, 6d. extra

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with the
Hall Mark
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Salisbury
'Virginia'
with the
Hall Mark
'Abdulla'

THE ENCHANTED SHEPHERD

Whence come the strange black lambs that dance around you?
What incantation drew me till I found you
Throned in a meadow near the singing river?
By day you walked, a rosy Shepherdess,
And romping winds unbound each nutbrown tress—
But the full moon is up and no leaves quiver—

Ere twilight fell I jested with you boldly,
Yet now your witch-bright eyes compel me coldly
And in a trance of fear I kneel before you.
Sweet Sorceress, refrain from words of power,
Lay down your wand in this enchanted hour!
I bear divine Abdullas, and adore you.

F. R. HOLMES

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'TURKISH' OR 'VIRGINIA'
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GOWFIN' UP IN THE NORTH



THE MUIRFIELD COURSE, EAST LOTHIAN—NEAR THE FAMOUS SHORT 13th HOLE: GULLANE HILL
AND ARTHUR'S SEAT IN THE DISTANCE



THE ENGLISH v. SCOTTISH BENCH AND BAR WHITSUN TOURNAMENT

Some noted Judges were engaged in this "International" at Muirfield during the Whitsun week-end, when a three days' match was played between the English and Scottish Bench and Bar Golf Clubs. By a stroke of luck they had a spot of better weather than fell to our lot in the South. The group shows: Mr. E. Tyler driving for England, and at the back (left to right) are Mr. H. S. Preston, K.C. (in cap), England; Lord Pitman (in Homburg), Scotland; Lord Kinross (in cap), Scotland; on right (both in caps) Lord Hunter and Lord Mackay

Photographs by Balmain

BANK HOLIDAY RACING AT WINCANTON



BOTH IN GOOD FORM: MR. ROMER LEE
AND MISS LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH



SIR WILLIAM AND LADY MOUNT
RETURNING FROM THE PADDOCK



MISS TURNBULL LOOKING ON WITH
CAPTAIN FETHERSTONHAUGH



MISS VERONICA CHRISTIE-MILLER
AND SIR RICHARD SYKES



COLONEL THE HON. SIR GEORGE
AND LADY MARY CRICHTON



LORD DIGBY AND HIS TWELVE-YEAR-
OLD DAUGHTER, MISS PAMELA DIGBY

Wincanton Steeplechases provided a pleasant Whit Monday entertainment for West-Country house-parties, this locality being more lucky than most in the matter of weather. Sir William Mount, who succeeded his father last year, is quite well known between the flags himself, but on this occasion was not taking an active part. Col. the Hon. Sir George Crichton has been Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's Department for many years; his wife is a niece of Lord Dartrey. Lord Digby, a very popular Dorset landowner and an ex-Joint Master of the Cattistock, lives at Minterne House, near Dorchester.



Claude Harris

BLONDE AND BEAUTIFUL

Mrs. Rex Colclough in the Studio

Very fair, very engaging and very popular, Mrs. Rex Colclough (whose name, by the way, is pronounced Coakly) adorns all London's most amusing parties, as well as frequently giving agreeable ones herself. She is always the essence of chic, and her dress sense is the envy of every feminine beholder

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

IT would be interesting to learn whether the following chronology of events in about the worst thing that has happened in the whole history of crime says anything, and if so, what, to the stupendous brains of the American sleuth—

- (1.) A baby is stolen out of his nursery at night whilst the household are still up and about.
- (2.) A ransom of £10,000 is demanded by some person or persons unknown.
- (3.) The ransom is paid through the channel indicated by the supposed kidnappers, but the baby is not returned.
- (4.) Various "Big Shots" of America's Underworld, including her leading wine-merchant, under sentence for defrauding the revenue in connection with his income tax, then come into the picture, the wine-merchant offering to get the baby back if he is let out of jail.
- (5.) His offer is refused, and the other gentlemen of the Underworld do not achieve any results.
- (6.) The leading wine-merchant goes into seclusion for eleven years, and the release of the other Big Shots does not eventuate.
- (7.) The amount of the ransom is increased to £30,000.
- (8.) The baby's body is discovered, circumstances pointing to his having been murdered shortly after he was kidnapped.
- (9.) The demands for ransom therefore look a bit queer. Somebody knows! Who wins? The Gangs or the Government?

At this present moment, when money is hard to come by—honestly, anyhow, for we must rule out the prosperous bandit—a good many of us are hoping that we may be inspired to back something that is not even mentioned in the betting on a certain event due for decision on June 1. One of the most successful long-shots in the Derby happened in 1857, when someone backed Mr. Dunkald's Black Tommy for, so it is said, at least two fivers each way. The price was 1000 to 5, and it ran second, beaten a neck only to Blink Bonny: a moment that must have made the speculator's heart stand still! He cannot have done too badly, for at a quarter the odds he had still a nice margin above the tenner he dropped over his "win" bet.

There are only two G.R.'s who have ever ridden in the Derby: the present Sir George Thursby, Master of the New Forest Buckhounds, is one of them, and little Bartley,



AT PINCKNEY'S GREEN: MISS ZÖE PALMER AND MISS ELIZABETH ALLEN
Setting out for a little air and exercise last week. Miss Elizabeth Allen played the lead in the successful film "Service for Ladies," and Miss Zöe Palmer has just finished two films, "Above Rubies" and "Double Dealing"



AT UTTOXETER: CAPTAIN CHRISTOPHER LEYLAND (LEFT).
MAJOR W. POWER (RIGHT) AND A FRIEND

Captain Leyland had a winner at this jumping meeting, one of the late-on N.H. fixtures, his Pass Book II, winning the Longton Hunters' Steeplechase very easily and nicely, ridden by Mr. Fawcus, who has done so well this season. Mr. Fawcus rode Pass Book II in the Liverpool Foxhunters' Chase, and he had the ride on Grakle in the National

who started the famous hunting boot emporium in Oxford Street, was the other. Sir George Thursby was second on his father's (the late Sir John Thursby's) John o' Gaunt in 1904 to St. Amant, ridden by "Kemmy" Cannon, and again in 1906 on Mr. J. L. Dugdale's Picton to Spearmint, ridden by Danny Maher. Little Bartley, the bootmaker, rode his own horse, Pegasus, in the race of 1837, which was won by Lord Berners' Phosphorous; but, though he finished amongst the ruck, they say he rode very well indeed.

When you think it out after walking the Derby course—and it will repay anyone to do it who wants to absorb the atmosphere—it must demand almost as much nerve on the part of the jockey as does the Grand National. I suggest you go and look at the fall of the land from the turn at the top to Tattenham Corner, and then try to visualise what it may feel like if you are on one that does not gallop down a hill too well, and you are boxed about half-way up in a big field. Tattenham Corner, in its way, is just about as "hairy" a proposition as the Canal Turn at Aintree, even though there is no obstacle to be jumped.

It is a quaint expression of our conservatism that the two courses at which the most important events of the flat and steeplechasing are run are by no means perfection. There is no worse turn on any first-class steeplechase course which I can call to mind than that at Aintree, and as to the Epsom course, I think this descent to Tattenham Corner is the worst declivity on any flat course. It has ere now proved a Waterloo to many, for it is not every horse that will gallop down a hill and be balanced as he should be for the final contest up the straight. No truer remark has ever been made about the Derby than that "the horse that strides farthest down the Hill—wins." It is perhaps unnecessary to recall instances of accidents to the

(Continued on p. x)

ALL'S WELL

THAT ENDS WELL

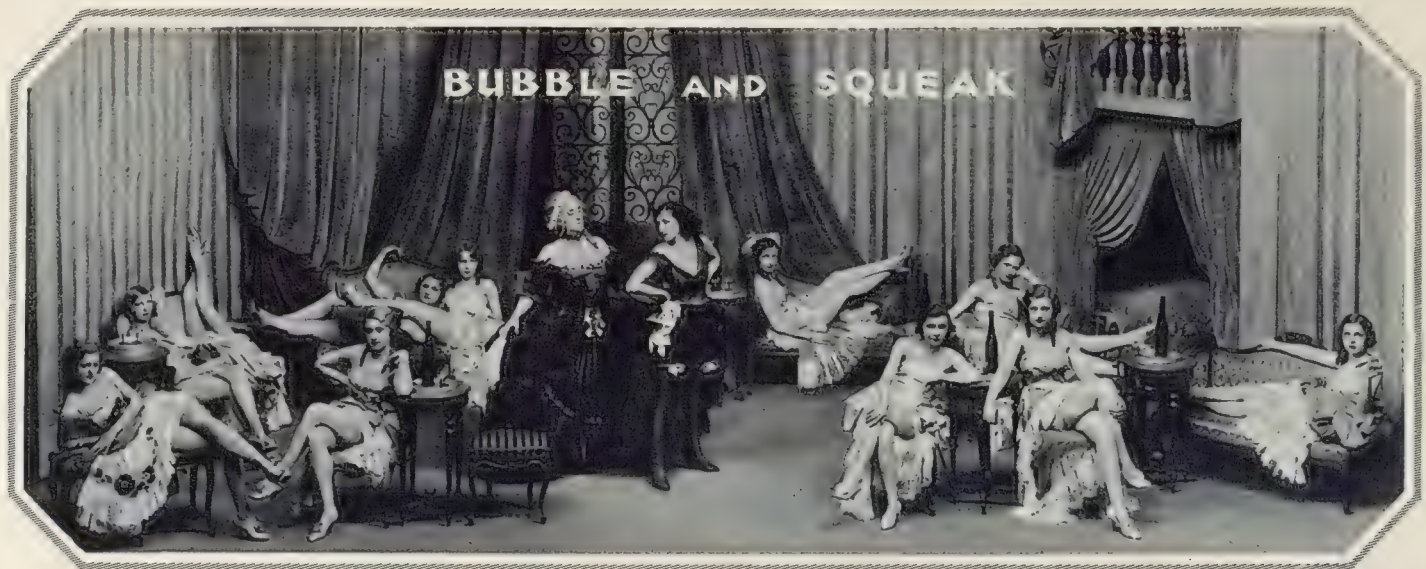
On your return from a shopping expedition or at the end of a long sunny walk, do you feel as fresh and full of energy as when you started? If you do—then all's well. Yet so many people miss all the benefit of walking exercise by returning weary, footsore and disgruntled. Not always their own faults poor souls. In nine cases out of ten it's the fault of their shoes. For the shoes that deal sympathetically with your feet are few and far between. There are not many as kindly and comfortable as Cantilever Shoes. This is because Cantilever Shoes are flexible and conform therefore to the movements of the bones, muscles and ligaments of your feet. Another comfort-making point is that the sole of the Cantilever Shoe has a straight inner line which conforms to the straight inner line of the normal, natural foot, and avoids the cramping, squeezing tendencies of many other shoes. Write for a free booklet explaining in detail the reasons for Cantilever's amazing comfort, and for the name of your nearest Cantilever Store to:

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CANTILEVER SHOES

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THE SALON OF MADAME SAUTERELLE IN "THE DUBARRY"

Stage Photo Co.

Miss Anny Ahlers is the central figure—The Dubarry—and the kind of salon Madame Sauterelle runs is of course evident. It was this particular scene which caused some people to think that realism had gone quite as far as it dared. Miss Anny Ahlers has had a devastating success in the title-rôle. Miss Margaret Yarde (centre) is a wonderful and very convincing Madame Sauterelle

A MAN turned up at a friend's flat and asked if he could put him up for the night. The owner of the flat replied that if the visitor didn't mind sharing a bed with him, he would be delighted. He then departed to a dinner, leaving his guest in the flat and telling him to make himself at home.

Some hours later, the diner returned so cheerful from his function that he had to enlist the aid of a constable to open the door. Once inside, he insisted on showing the officer round the flat. When he came to his bed-room, he flung open the door and said triumphantly: "Thish, conshtable, is my room!" Pointing to the recumbent form of the guest in the bed, he added, "and that, conshtable, is me!"

Sambo applied for a job and set forth his attributes without too much modesty.

"All right," said the boss, "you can have the job, and as to salary . . . well, I'll pay you just whatever you're worth."

"Dat's no use to me, Sah," said Sambo, decidedly. "I 'se gettin' mo' dan dat where I is now."

"Grandpa, when do you start playing football?" asked Teddy.

"Football! I finished with that game years ago, my boy. What makes you ask?"

"Well," replied Teddy, "I heard Daddy tell Mummy that when you kicked off we should be able to afford a car."

Little Betty was taken to church for the first time. She was surprised when the congregation knelt down.

"What are they going to do?" she whispered to her mother, who said, "Hush, darling, they are going to say their prayers."

"What! With all their clothes on?" exclaimed the child.

The married couple were watching an intense love-scene in the cinema. In the middle of a passionate embrace, the wife nudged her husband.

"George," she whispered, "why is it that you never make love to me like that?"

George yawned. "Why not indeed?" he returned. "Do you know the salary that fellow gets for doing that?"

A man was being shown over a carpenter's shop. "By the way," he remarked, picking up a plank, "what are these holes in this wood?"

"Those are knot holes," explained the carpenter.

"They *are* holes," insisted the other, angrily. "Do you think I don't know a hole when I see it?"

Two men, who had been having a night out and had lost the last train home, turned up at a hotel in the early hours of the morning.

"I say," protested the manager, pointing dramatically to the less coherent of the pair, "you can't bring that man in here—he's intoxicated, and this is a temperance hotel."

"S'all ri', ole man," said the other soothingly, "he's too far gone to notice that."

"So Jones and his wife had a spot of bother about what kind of car they should get. He wanted an open car, and she a saloon."

"Yes, but the incident is closed."

"So is the car. I saw her out in it this morning."

A little boy had been reported to his father for stealing apples from the stall outside a fruiterer's shop, and the parent was pointing out the evils of theft.

"My boy," he said, "you must have known it is dishonest to steal. And, in any case, didn't your conscience tell you the man was watching?"



MISS PAMELA CARME, IN "SOMEBODY KNOWS"

Walter Bird

Mr. John Van Druten's new unsolved murder thriller was produced on May 12, at the St. Martin's Theatre. Miss Pamela Carme, who is a sister of Viscount Falmouth, plays a character named Margaret in this intriguing and extraordinarily well-acted play. The story depends to a large extent upon the clever characterisation, and the author has achieved a master-stroke in this regard



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exercises for the acquisition of poise, grace of movement and symmetric slenderness. There is the Ardena Bath which is slightly more heroic and enormously successful. There are rollers and other devices for attacking stubborn accumulations of fat. Elizabeth Arden has collaborated with physicians in evolving plans to correct the individual shortcomings of every type of woman

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AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

A Notable Event.

FRIDAY and Saturday this week, the 27th and 28th, are holy days if not holidays, for on them the G.A.P.A.N.B.E. will disport itself at Brooklands. Its name is the Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators of the British Empire.

What's in a name? A good chance of asphyxiation in this one, unless a deep breath is taken at the outset!

Yet the name eludes both ellipsis and elision. It has a resilient, *sorbo* quality, and no matter how much you crush it together, it springs out again the moment the pressure is released. I can only suggest calling it the Gilp. The Gilp, then, in spite of its numerous name, and in spite of the mediæval mummerly it staged in a certain City Hall a short time ago, is performing valuable and efficient service, both to its members and to aviation in general. And this meeting at Brooklands is perhaps its most important public appearance. All the time it is aiding pilots and helping to maintain the standard of British professional flying; but that may be called its private, day-to-day work.

It does not often come out into the open, and this meeting at Brooklands deserves, therefore, all the greater support. It has been organised and financed by the Guild. Flight-Lieut. R. C. Preston, as Secretary, has done all that can be done to command success, and the Brooklands School of Flying and the track authorities have co-operated enthusiastically.

The Programme.

It behoves everyone who can do so to come to Brooklands on Saturday, the public day. I have been closely and critically into the programme that has been arranged, and I believe that it will provide admirable entertainment. The pylon racing and Major Bulman in the Hawker Fury are going to be fruitful in *frissons*. Major Bulman will do some things with the Fury that will make people take notice, and there will be many other interesting flying demonstrations. Then there is *The Tatler Concours d'Élégance* for closed-cabin aircraft, which is, this year, on a larger scale than anything of the kind previously held in flying. *The Tatler* is giving a special trophy instead of the smaller prizes it gave last year, because it is thought that a real purpose is served by encouraging private aeroplane owners to look after their aircraft well and to see that they are kept as carefully as they can be kept. The well-kept aircraft is a safe aircraft, and everything that will help to persuade owners to

pay attention to their machines should do something towards increasing the safety of flying. There is also the purely spectacular side of this contest. A well-kept aeroplane is a pleasure to the eye, and a number of them together should give some indication of how fashion is moving. In motor-cars, it must be admitted, fashion has had much to do with development. The hard and purely mechanical side has not been the sole arbiter of appearances. And it is the same in aircraft. So that *The Tatler* competition should provide a kind of forecast of future progress.

The Shop.

Another thing which should not be missed at Brooklands is the shop which has taken the place of the original club building. The Brooklands shop is a practical and amusing addition to the place. It sells almost everything, including sweaters, scarves, goggles, and helmets. It is also ready to supply coffee to the early aviator who desires to moisten the alimentary tract. Surely this idea of providing shops on aerodromes is significant? The scheme is capable of almost unlimited development, and might be the beginning of aerial shopping districts, when aerodromes will have upon them stores which out-Harrod Harrods. It is a step towards the air town which *must* come one day, however long it takes in the process.

Haldon.

At this time, when aerial visiting is in the offing, it is as well to note the aerodromes which serve the appropriate regions; and of these Haldon, Teignmouth, is one of the most important. Teignmouth is the only place of all the seaside resorts from Weymouth to Plymouth which offers facilities for aviation. One does not know whether to pity the other places or to praise Teignmouth, or to do both.

Haldon, Teignmouth's aerodrome, is eight miles from Torquay and eleven from Exeter, and it serves the whole of South Devon and the Exeter district. Incidentally, it was used by the Prince of Wales and Prince George when they visited Exeter and Torquay. As most people know, Mr. W. R. Parkhouse, who was formerly in the Royal Naval Air Service, established Haldon in 1928. Those who are going in the Teignmouth direction should make a point of visiting it.

(Continued on p. xx)



AIR CELEBRITIES AT BROOKLANDS

Flight-Lieutenant and Mrs. Stainforth and Wing-Commander and Mrs. Orlebar at the Whit Monday motor race meeting at Brooklands. Both Flight-Lieutenant Stainforth and Wing-Commander Orlebar possess names with which to conjure the world over where aviation is concerned, and no one looks like lowering our Schneider Cup record—at the moment

capable of almost unlimited development, and might be the beginning of aerial shopping districts, when aerodromes will have upon them stores which out-Harrod Harrods. It is a step towards the air town which *must* come one day, however long it takes in the process.



Holloway.

MISS AMY JOHNSON, MR. J. JEYES AND LORD ERSKINE

At the Northants Aero Club Pageant, at which some humourist presented Miss Amy Johnson with a "free flight" ticket. Miss Amy Johnson's engagement to that other great celebrity of the air, Mr. J. A. Mollison, has brought them both a regular avalanche of congratulations

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR

MAY, 1932

21st to 31st inclusive

- 21st **Polo.** Whitney Cup Final (Hurlingham). Buenos Aires Cup Final (Ranelagh). **Racing.** Manchester, Lingfield Park and Phoenix Park Meetings. **Cricket.** M.C.C. v. All India (Lords). Cambridge U. v. Middlesex (Cambridge).
- 23rd **Golf.** Amateur Championship begins (Muirfield). **Polo.** Roehampton Open Challenge Cup; Junior Colts' Cup (Ranelagh). **Racing.** Hamilton Park and Kilbeggan Meetings. Colwall Park Steeplechases. **Tennis.** Northern Tournament, Manchester. Open Tournament, Malvern. **Cricket.** M.C.C. v. All India (Lords). Cambridge U. v. Middlesex (Cambridge).
- 24th **EMPIRE DAY.** **Racing.** York, Bath and Curragh Meetings. **Yachting.** Yachling Week opens, Southend-on-Sea. **Cricket.** M.C.C. v. All India (Lords). Cambridge U. v. Middlesex (Cambridge).
- 25th **Shows.** Chelsea Flower S. opens. Shropshire and W. Midlands Agric. Soc. Royal Ulster Agric. Soc. (Belfast) Bath and W. and Southern Counties (Yeovil). **Racing.** York & Bath Mtgs. Irish 2,000 Gns. (Curragh). **Golf.** Open Tournament, Elie, Scotland.
- 25th **Cricket.** Hants. v. All India (Southampton). Cambridge U. v. Notts. (Cambridge). Oxford U. v. Glos. (Oxford).
- 26th **Show.** Royal Tournament, Olympia, opens. **Racing.** York, Salisbury and Curragh Meetings. **Cricket.** Hants. v. All India (Southampton). Cambridge U. v. Notts. (Cambridge). Oxford U. v. Glos. (Oxford).
- 27th **Racing.** Salisbury, Doncaster and Ayr Meetings. **Cricket.** Hants. v. All India (Southampton). Cambridge U. v. Notts. (Cambridge). Oxford U. v. Glos. (Oxford).
- 28th **Polo.** Roehampton Open Chall. Cup Final. Young Cup begins. Junior Colts' Cup Final (Ranelagh). **Racing.** Windsor, Doncaster, Ayr and Naas Mtgs. **Cricket.** Essex v. All India (Leyton). Middx. v. Notts. (Lords).
- 30th **Golf.** Ladies' Open Championship (Saunton) begins. **Polo.** Roehampton Handicap Cup begins. Ranelagh Open Cup. **Cricket.** Essex v. All India (Leyton). Middx. v. Notts. (Lords).
- 31st **Racing.** Epsom Meeting. **Cricket.** Essex v. All India (Leyton). Middx. v. Notts. (Lords).

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T HEAR

By DOUGLAS NEWTON

PEERING into the mirror that backed his two companions, Turley growled: "There's a chap across the restaurant watching us like a cat. Four tables down, he is. Is he the 'busy' you mean, Moran?"

"That's the chap," said Moran with his usual magnificent indifference. "He's a new promotion, name of Elton. One of the educated kind, started life as a school-master."

Oakes, the big, silent man beside Moran, chuckled his admiration. There wasn't another big thief to touch Moran; he was up to the minute with the latest inside information and he never lost his nerve. Turley, on the other hand, watching the thin, acute face of the detective in the mirror, muttered:

"School-master, hey? They're sharp fellows."

"The 'cops' hope so," Moran shrugged. "Elton's a last hope. They can't catch *me* any other way so they're going to try a dash of brains. A fat lot of use that'll be. . . Well, to get on with this Maida Vale jewel steal . . ."

"Ought we to talk about it so open with that feller watching all eyes?" Turley mumbled uneasily.

"Shucks," jeered Oakes. "Moran knows what he's about. There ain't a brain in the police force that can beat Moran."

"All the same, making plans under the chap's very nose?"

"That's my method, Turley," Moran grinned. He enjoyed demonstrating his cleverness.

"Bold play, that's always the safest. Besides there's Elton over there where we've got our eyes on him. We know he can't be sneaking round eaves-dropping, as he might if we talked in the street or in a room. We know he can't hear what we say—no, not if we shouted. He's too far away an' I didn't choose this end of the restaurant for nothing. No, Elton's out of harm's way, so we can say all we want to say without any fear of him or anybody ever knowing."

"Gosh, you're right, Moran," Turley chuckled. "It is the safest lay, really, an' comic, planning a steal under the very noses o' the police."

"I've got a sense of humour, too," said Moran. "An' that's another reason why the 'flatties' won't ever nab me. They haven't the brains to think I'm planning things like this. . . Well, to get on with the job. We leave this place in half-an-hour, separating outside. You hurry to the railway station, we walk there quietly. Elton will follow us because it's *me* he's after. At the station I buy two tickets for Lincoln—in a loud voice. Elton hears and buys one, too. Then me an' Oakes stroll over to the bookstall and stand there talking. You'll have got there by then. We wait until the Lincoln train is almost ready to start then we make a rush for it. That's the minute you make a rush, too, and bump into Elton—knock him over, if you can; anyhow keep him from following us. Think you can manage it?"

"Ain't it my line?" sneered Turley. "Leave him to me. But there's one thing, though, he's seen me here. If he twigs me bumping into him he'll think there's something fishy in the air."

"What if he does?" shrugged Moran. "He'll only think you're trying to prevent him following us to Lincoln, and as nothing criminal's going

to happen at Lincoln what'll he have against you or any of us? That's the point, see? Having heard us buy tickets, and having seen us make for the train, he'll have to testify we were in Lincoln at the very time that the jewels are taken from the Rimner house in Maida Vale. It's the perfect alibi. Even if he doesn't pull you in on suspicion and you get away, Turley, you'd better get yourself run in as drunk and disorderly at some place as far away from Maida Vale as possible. That'll prove you had no hand in the Rimner steal. An' when me an' Oakes have busted the Rimner safe we'll be off to Lincoln on Oakes' motor-cycle combination, to arrive in time to bear out Elton's

own testimony that we spent a night of innocence there a hundred and thirty miles away from the burgled house in Maida Vale. The thing's fool-proof, Turley, whichever way you look at it."

"You're right," Turley nodded with an admiring grin. "It's fool-proof. You're a marvel, Moran."

"You can trust me to beat the police every time," smirked Moran. "Not even a school-master 'busy' is going to catch me slipping. Now off with you, Turley, an' keep your nerve; this is all going to be as easy as kiss-your-hand."

Indeed the whole business went so smoothly that Turley spent an evening chuckling at the slick simplicity of it.

The sharp-faced Elton was fooled completely. He shadowed Moran and Oakes to the railway

Continued on p. xvi



Arthur Owen
THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS
OF QUEENSBERRY

And the picture below, "Rhoda," is one of the works in the exhibition Lady Queensberry is holding at the Arthur Tooth Gallery in New Bond Street, and which opens to-day (May 25). Lady Queensberry was Miss Cathleen Mann, and is a daughter of the famous artist, Mr. Harrington Mann



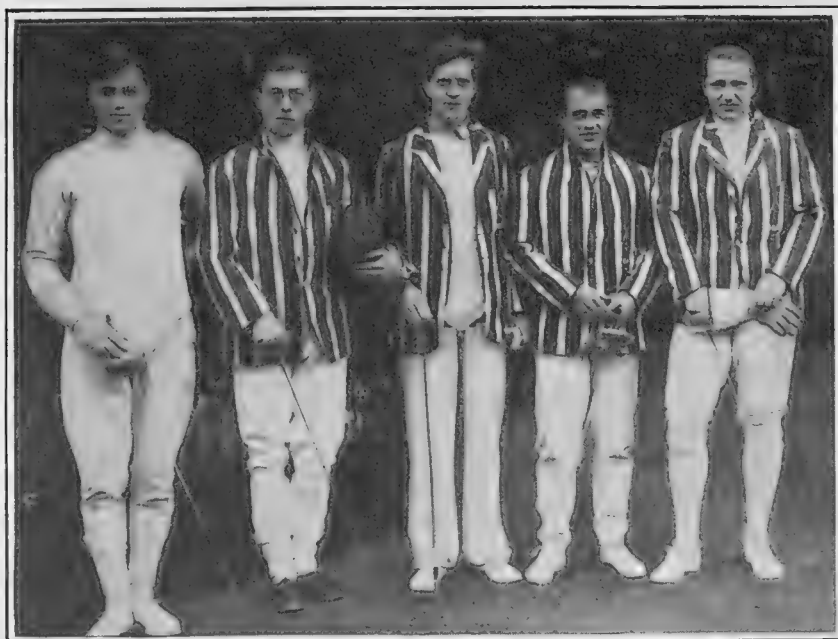
"RHODA"

By the Marchioness of Queensberry

CLARIDGE'S



Corner of a sitting room in the new
Claridge's—with concealed lighting
and furniture in soft tones of
beige and grey



INTER-VARSITY FENCING—OXFORD'S WINNING TEAM

Oxford won the *Épée* Contest v. Cambridge by 7 defeats to 13. J. De Amadio, who fought for Oxford last year, was undefeated. The names in the picture, left to right, are: D. Y. Fell, D. Lewis, B. R. S. Houghton, F. J. Walter, and J. De Amadio

Perfect Country.

ONCE upon a time, being a person of "satiabile curiosity," I discovered a nice big patch of countryside that was, as local councils would put it, "replete with well-preserved scenic amenities," and what was far more to the point, was practically virgin ground as far as motor cars were concerned. Having enjoyed unchallenged possession of this terrain for a considerable time, I was so foolish as to let others into the secret, with the deplorable result that to-day the whole place is guarded by unopenable gates and formidable wire fences. The owners thereof had, it seemed, not unjustifiably, got rather tired of careless people setting fire to square miles of heather and gorse, and consuming acres of valuable fir plantations. So I naturally registered a vow that I would never more recommend others to take advantage of my discoveries. But, for that I have an easy dispensation, because in these islands of ours there is precious little, if anything, left to discover. Calm solitudes are very hard to find nowadays, but there are still some to be had, though they involve a fairly long distance of approach. I wonder how many southern motorists ever consider the possibilities of the Yorkshire Moors as a week-end proposition. Even with a good car they are every bit of six hours away from London, but they are worth the journey—and a bit more into the bargain. I have myself recently been disporting myself in those promiscuous parts, to my great content, and my wonder is only generated by the fact that in two whole days I saw but one car with a Southern Counties registration number—that is, of course, not counting the Great North Road. The Yorkshire Moors I can recommend without a pang, for there is so much of them that over-crowding is unlikely and, so far as I could see, there is not much to set fire to. Probably one reason why this magnificent area is monopolized by the "locals" is that most of the small-scale maps show it to be deficient in roads, which it is not. But the average man is apt to be deterred when he sees, on the chart, an apparently minute worm that squirms into a hole in a brown back-ground. He sees himself having perforce to come back upon his own tracks: always a dull thing to do. As a matter of fact this sort of thing is very seldom necessary in the United Kingdom, barring a few places in the Western Highlands of Scotland. Nearly all roads that lead somewhere also take you to somewhere else, and when you have furnished yourself with the large-scale Michelin map (which is surely a great achievement in accurate cartography) you cannot very well go wrong. Interpreting the cabalistic signs upon this document, you

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

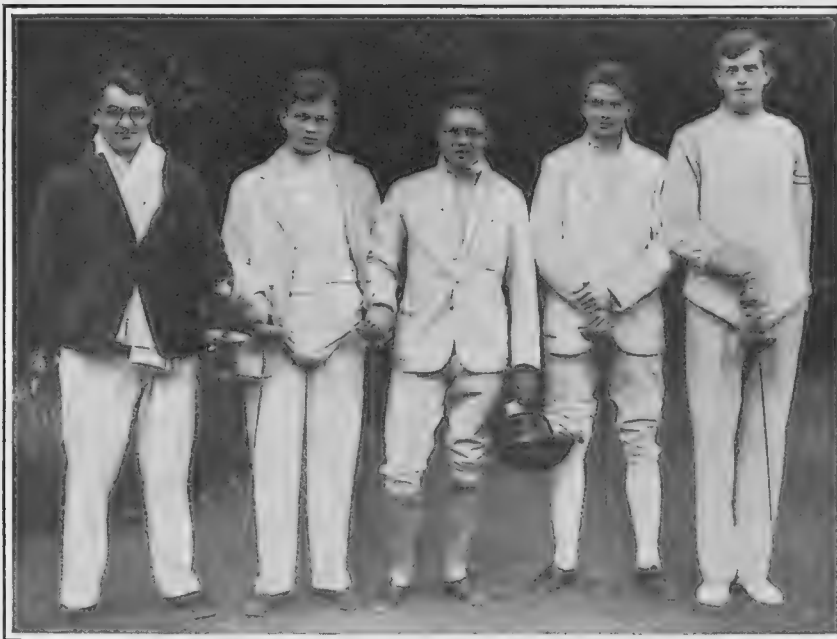
Petrol Vapour

By W. G. ASTON

will readily appreciate that the best you can hope to average over these by-ways is a very modest figure; but that is no consequence, for every mile or so you will be stopping of your own accord to admire views that (given decent weather) are as splendid as you would get anywhere this side of the Alps. The roads themselves, although sometimes too narrow for a couple of even small cars abreast, are excellent, and it is no hardship that they have to be treated carefully, for they abound in switch-backs and blind pitches. Their very difficulty (which need not frighten the driver of any modern motor car) has, of course, attracted a fair patronage of the more enterprising type of motor cyclist, the occasional noise of whose machine is the only blot upon an otherwise unspoilt landscape. Saving these racketing, burbling, crackling brutes, and sometimes a bunch of gay "hikers," one has little to interfere with one's taste for solitude and silence. But one thing, as I know to my cost (for it is commonly said that the salesman can open his mouth pretty wide), is that you must keep to the 'ard 'igh road—and in places it is very high indeed. Except in very dry weather, you must never allow your front wheels to get on to the grass, especially if there is a magnetic ditch hard by. By reason of a motor cyclist,

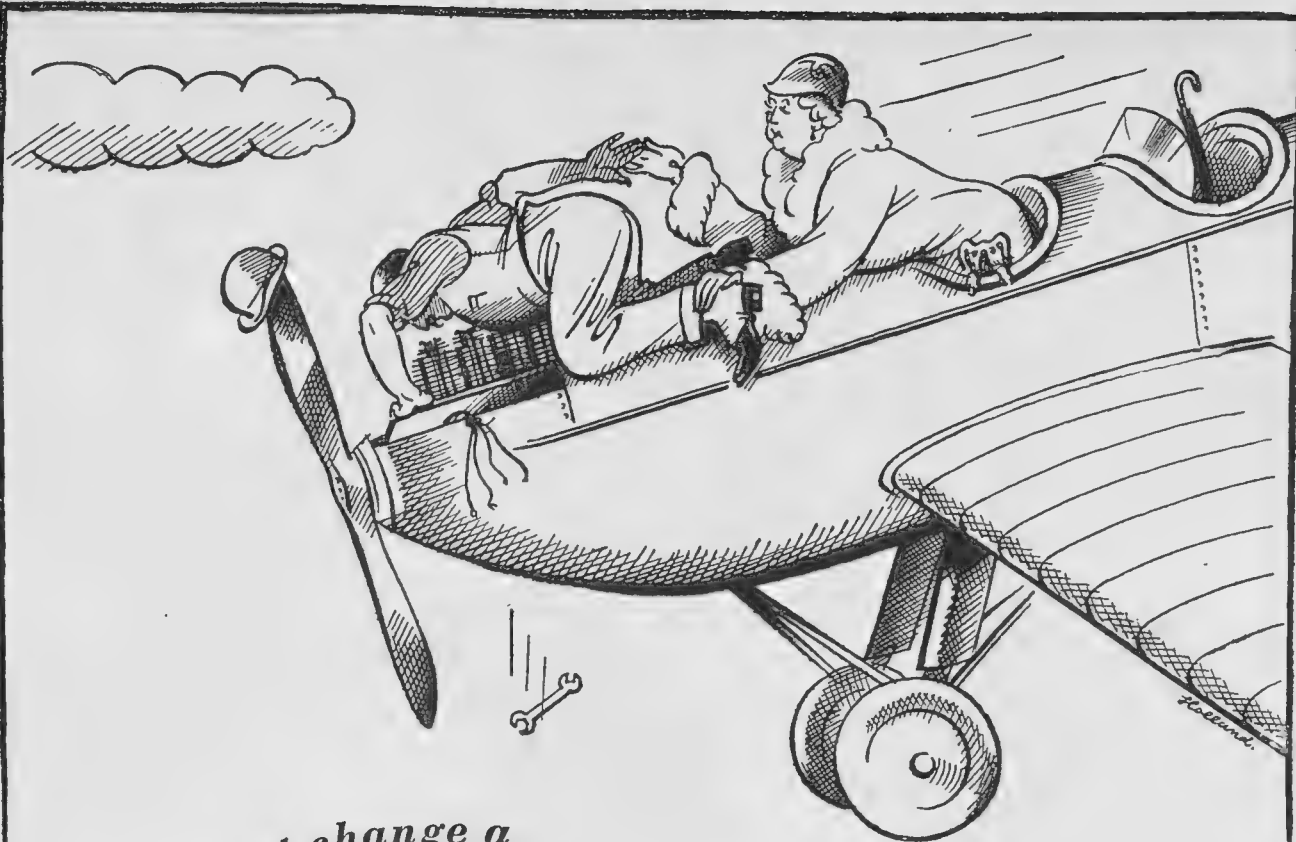
with complete family aboard the combination, pulling out after I had vigorously horned him, I had the distracting experience of finding my beautiful car utterly out of control. It slithered gracefully into stuff that looked like haggis, and the only consolation was that this muckery was so soft that it could do no material damage. Getting plucked out with a break-down lorry that had to come many miles was a long and tedious business, especially as, in the meantime, the local brand of rain had descended and converted the little ditch into a substantial river. All, however, ended very happily, with no harm done, but I shall never trust Yorkshire moorland turf again. The garage at Barnard Castle reckons on about two rescues a day at this time of year. But if you are surfeited with Southern England motor-ing, in which excitements occur so seldom, a trifle like that need not deter you. There is no rose without its thorn, and in this case the thorns are easily avoidable. My only regret in a joyful tour-let of glorious experiences was that one of my Dunlops

(Continued on p. xviii)



CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY ÉPÉE TEAM

The Inter-Varsity *Épée* encounter took place in the grounds of Queen's College, Oxford, and Cambridge were defeated in 13 pools to Oxford's 7. In this group, left to right, are: P. M. S. Gedge, H. D. Walston, N. G. Abercrombie, H. D. H. Bartlett, and R. F. Tredgold



*You cannot change a
plug in the air, so...*

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Lubricating Oil

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SUMMER RECOMMENDATION CHART

ArmstrongSiddeley	Triple	Daimler (from 1931)	Triple	Morris 4 cyl.	Double
Austin 7 H.P. Sports	AeroShell	Ford (Model T.)	Single	" 6 cyl.	Triple
" others	Triple	" others	Double	Rolls Royce	Triple
Bentley	AeroShell	Hillman	Triple	Standard	Triple
Chrysler	Triple	Humber	Triple	Talbot 90 & 105	AeroShell
Daimler (up to 1931)	Double	M.G.	AeroShell	" others	Triple



At the East of Scotland Championship at Bruntfield: Mrs. S. W. Bowhill (donor of the Cup), Mrs. Eckford Wallace, Mrs. Prentice, and Miss M. Nicol. The latter took the winner, Mrs. J. B. Watson, to the 19th

EVE AT GOLF

The Welsh Championship

By ELEANOR E. HELME

ABERDOVEY is one of those perfect places where everything, while you are playing golf, seems to centre round the game, and yet provides you with a dozen other delights the moment you turn your back on the links. Golf loomed very large during the week of the Welsh Championship. The signalman, in the pauses between traffic along his single line, might be seen leaning out of his box, field glasses to eye, watching the play and perhaps regretting that he was a signalman and not the postman who, lucky fellow, was mingling with the gay throng and following round. One inhabitant specially erected a flagstaff and constructed a beauteous flag to fly thereon, with a golden star in the centre. The new star typified Miss Isabella Rieben, and the flag was only to be flown if she reached the final. The star, events proved, had not been stitched in vain. The very porpoises, swimming south to shelter the night before the qualifying round, were taken as tokens of doubtful golfing weather in the offing. But the rain and wind kept off, and anything more beautiful than the mountains the next day, or the lights over the Towyn marshes when . . . But there we are, wandering off to some of the other delights of Aberdovey, and this is a golfing article. Let us be stern and put the real live birds out of mind. Perhaps, after a little American influence, I shall shortly be writing of how Miss Wethered caged a flight of birdies, or Miss Wilson shot a brace of eagles, and become in fact the proper, red-hot golfing journalist who thinks of the game, the



Also at Aberdovey: Miss Eunice Davies with (right) Miss Jestyn Jefferies, ex-holder of the Welsh Championship

whole game, and nothing but the game. Only if that happens I shall miss half the pleasures of Aberdovey.

Wales, alone of the four portions of the British Isles, has a qualifying round for her close championship. Card and pencil ought not to have been a very dreadful matter this year, when there were thirty-two places for thirty-six players, but they drove one International to the desperate course of tearing up her card, and the last qualifying place was filled with 116. The leader was 30 strokes better than that, for Mrs. Bernard Edwards, Monmouth's top player, achieved 86 in spite of a nasty encounter with the burn (of the genus Westward Ho!) at the last hole. It was a most perfect golfing day, and Aberdovey was in perfect order.

Still, Aberdovey is a seaside course, where the ball appears to lie close for wooden shots through the green—though that is really an optical delusion—and the sand is so near the surface that it is amazingly easy to go right underneath the chips, if you will persist in trying to pitch with a niblick instead of doing a little judicious running up with a straight-face club; and ever so little wind seems to affect the putting on seaside greens, and . . . Well, anyway,

it was a qualifying round, which means that anything may happen, and everybody was thoroughly glad when it was over and match play filled the bill instead.

Surprises, two of them, enlivened the first day. Out went Mrs. Rieben, champion in 1929, and runner-up in '21, '28, and '30, to Mrs. Eric Box, who has never been champion at all, but played extremely well; out went Miss Mary Justice, champion in 1926, to Miss Isabella Rieben, who is only eighteen and may still be girl champion, and was to become Welsh champion before the week was out. Whether any champion has ever been succeeded by a daughter is a matter for historians to decide; memory cannot supply a parallel.

Miss Rieben deserved to win, and Mrs. Rieben can take some of the credit, for a sounder golfing education was never meted out than she and James Braid between them have imparted. The daughter excelled where so many others failed, with long wooden seconds through the green and by having a splendid variety of shots to meet differing problems of approaching; she kept her head through many anxious moments, and if she missed a few short putts now and



Miss Isabella Rieben, the eighteen-year-old winner of the Welsh Championship, played at Aberdovey

again who can claim complete innocence of that crime? It was good, too, to see that she rose to each occasion as needed: 3 and 1 from Mrs. Cumberlege in her first match; 3 and 2 from Miss Justice that afternoon, 5 and 3 next morning from young Miss Gibbs, another new player who may make history when she has curbed her left heel and acquired a little more control; 3 and 1 that afternoon from Mrs. Edwards, first qualifier, who chased her bravely till a comfortable lead had nearly vanished. Then the final against Miss Jestyn Jefferies who, after being ill all winter, was making a

(Continued on p. xx)



The Priory Golf Club team, winners of the Helme Shield for the four best net scores at the Surrey Spring Meeting. Left to right: Mrs. MacEwan, Mrs. Brice, Mrs. West, and Mrs. Bontor

YARDLEY LAVENDER

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. THE QUEEN

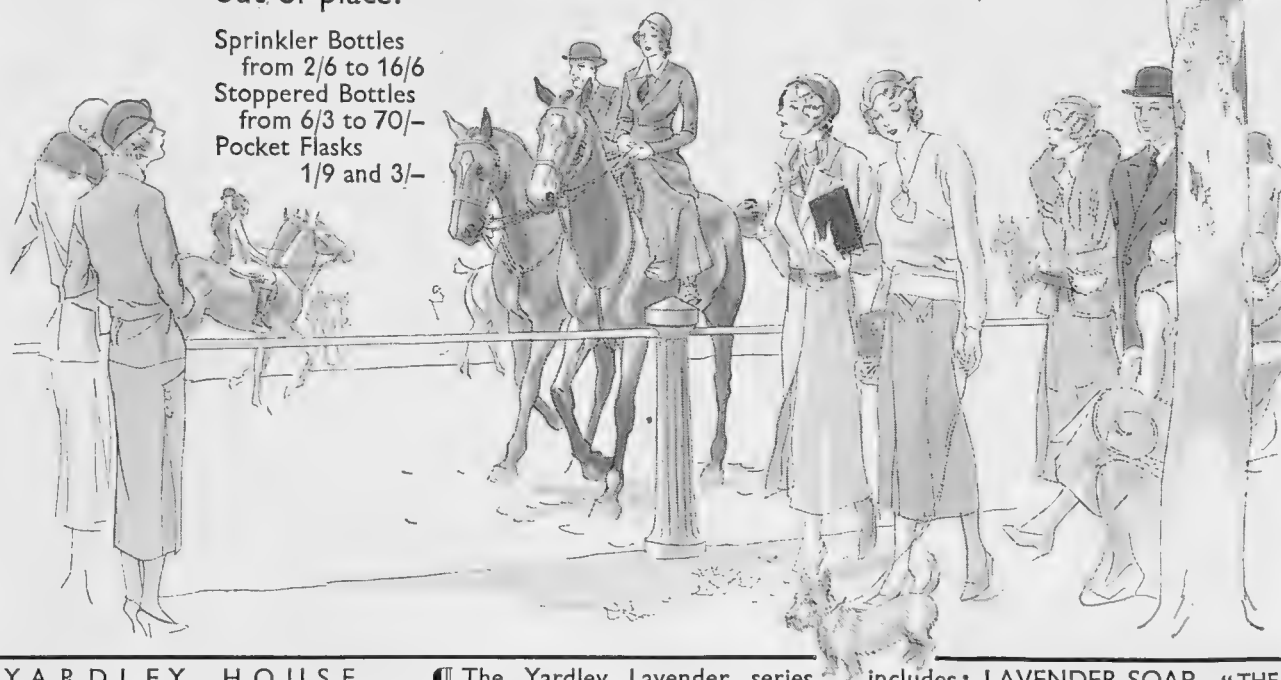


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the highway of fashion

by M.E. BROOKE

A FEW weeks ago everyone was talking about what the fashions would be; to-day it is what they are. Miss Angela Duboulay has chosen a white chiffon evening dress embroidered with silk spots; the skirt is full, while the corsage, with its cowl drapery, silhouettes the figure. Miss Meriel Dalrymple White's choice has alighted on a white chiffon dress with a cape coatee



THE bolero coatee for day as well as evening wear has evidently come to stay; it is an important feature in Lady Caird's black lace ensemble; it is loosely knotted in front and is finished with pendant ends; the dress itself is moulded over the hips, has a shaped flounce below, and then falls in sculptured folds. Angel Colville chose it for an ensemble, the colour being soft blush rose; the skirt is arranged in vandykes in the neighbourhood of the hips; a sash springs from the side and is tied in a soft bow at the back; puffs are present in the coatee above the elbows, and there is a cowl drapery. Almost of the butterfly genre are the large bows of stiffened lace that are noticeable in Lady Willoughby Carey's evening dress of midnight blue lace, the neckline being gracefully draped. There is something particularly attractive about Lady Carlisle's pink satin evening dress; the skirt is innocent of all decoration; the cowl and cross-over lines are successfully blended in the corsage

THERE is a decided vogue for Dela waterproofs, as they are smart, give full weather protection, and are proofed by Dunlop. The proofing is a wonderfully fine and light yet strong film of rubber which makes every garment thoroughly waterproof. Illustrated on this page are two views of a wet weather riding coat; the one on the right shows the fullness of the skirt, while the one on the left emphasizes the adjustable collar and belt. It must be related that there are Delaproofs for wearing over decorative dresses that appear at Epsom, Ascot, and Goodwood; it will be recalled that the weather is seldom kind when the great races are run on these courses

On the crest of the first wave.....

SEA SUITS and lounging things for the beach, bathe and bungalow take upon themselves a new enchantment when expressed so cleverly by Marshall & Snelgrove's, who have the most intriguing salon in London for smart seaside things. It's refreshing just to come and see them!

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SHANTUNG SHORTS - 18/9

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Garland



Above.

Spring-knit Wool Canadian Sea Suit with top of check, skirt and trousers of self colours. Yellow/lemon, brown/white, royal/blue, black/white, etc. 25/9

Also O.S., 29/6

Centre.

Wool Sea Suit, Canadian shape, trimmed contrasting colours to match tie at waist. Colours: Green, black, white and navy. 25/9

On Right.

Pyjama with heavy wool trousers, corselet effect laced in front with blouse of fancy or spot cotton. Colours: 5½ Gns. Green, scarlet, navy, etc.

Large Straw Sun Hat in natural or colours, 15/9

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued



A FASHIONABLE ENSEMBLE

That has gone into residence in the ready-to-wear department at Jay's, Regent Street, W. It is made of a piqué cord fabric of a granite-grey shade. Buttons trim the dress and fur the coat. A leather belt completes the scheme

Ensembles that Please.

Now that the season is nearing its zenith distinctive new frocks are essential and, as a consequence, a visit to the house of Jay, Regent Street, W., must be paid. The ensemble pictured on this page may be seen in the ready-to-wear department on the second floor. It is made of a new material that may well be described as a piqué cord, although it apparently has a certain amount of wool in its composition. The colour is an elusive shade of granite grey and the cost 14 guineas which, as everyone must admit, is exceptionally moderate. It is really wonderful the way the material is worked up—some of the cord effects are arranged horizontally and some vertically; the dress is trimmed with buttons and finished with a leather belt, while fur enriches the coat. A few words must be said about the afternoon summer coats in this department for 6½ guineas; they are made of black wool picador; they have wide revers edged with fur and they are lined with black rayon crêpe de chine. An illustration of these appears in the brochure which will gladly be sent gratis and post free. By the way, no one must leave this department without seeing the bathing-suits and their attendant wool jewellery.

* * *

Something New and Fascinating.

Not only will every woman desire one but she will find it absolutely indispensable, and that is the "sailor béret" which is expressed in wool stockinette in all the fashionable shades—also black and white. It is sponsored by Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, and costs 6s. 6d. post free. It may be arranged in a variety of ways; perhaps the smartest is the American sailor type; then again there are many variations on the béret. When not needed it may be rolled up and carried in a top or other coat pocket. Another point to be mentioned is that it will fit practically any size head.

* * *

A Shoe of Beauty—A Joy to Wear.

There is no doubt about it that it is only by the keenest attention to detail that perfection in footwear may be attained. The Excelsior shoes are perfect in poise, colour, and comfort, and they are largely made by hand by skilled craftsmen who build into each shoe a character and a style of its own. The makers of this excellent footwear, G. F. Hutchings and Co., Excelsior Works, Bristol, are responsible for a particularly interesting brochure, which they will be pleased to send, gratis and post free on application, together with the name and address of their nearest agent.

* * *

What is Furmodising?

What is furmodising? is a question that many women are asking. Well, it is the scientific method employed by R. Marcus, the well-known furriers, 33, High Street, Kensington, for restoring to old fur the appearance of new. For many years this firm endeavoured to devise a process which would make old furs look really like new. First an electrically operated cleaning drum was tested and installed, next electric beating and brushing machines were tried out and adapted to the use of the furmodising process, and then came the dehydrating cabinet, which left the finished garment soft and supple. All interested in the subject must write for the booklet, as it gives full particulars regarding furmodising, and there are many illustrations of furs that have been treated by this process. It is really wonderful the good work it performs.

* * *

Riding Jackets and Breeches.

"Spring Suggestions" is the title of the Bedford Riding Breeches Company's (19, New Quebec Street, Marble Arch) new brochure. The prices that prevail at this establishment are exceptionally moderate. For instance, there are women's riding jackets and breeches from 8s.; patterns of materials would be sent on application. There are natural spun-silk riding shirts for a guinea, and white matt hunting stocks, with buckle at back for 3s. 6d., string riding gloves being 3s. 6d. per pair.

* * *

Another British Factory.

The Royal Worcester Corset Company of America, manufacturers of the well-known Royal Worcester and Bon Ton Corsetry, are now erecting a large modern factory at Sutton, Surrey, to supply the British market. Experts from their great factory at Worcester, Mass., are to inaugurate the new régime, and such are the modern equipment and premises now in course of erection that the outstanding excellence of these popular garments will be more than maintained. It is understood that in the near future at least 150 to 200 workpeople will be employed.

The Advantages of Shopping at Debenhams

III.—Dress that is Authoritative.

THE direct connection of the house with Paris has for a hundred years and more contributed to a reputation which is probably unique, and the collection of Debenhams models, original, and with the hall-mark of authority, is accepted as the standard of the Vogue.



Lace of peau d'ange finish and a carnation design is used for this Tea or Home Dinner Gown carried out in an ice pink shade, the cape sleeves are embroidered to tone and the belt is to match. The slip is of flat suède crêpe.

Made to order in any shades.

16½ gms.

Debenhams & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1

(Debenhams Ltd.)

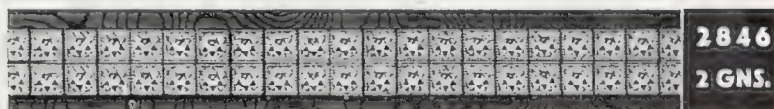


FASHION SPOTLIGHTS



2819
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the diamond bracelet. And here Ciro shows a few



2846
2 GNS.

examples of this becoming mode, in copies every



2761
3 GNS.

bit as beautiful as their costly originals. 'Economy



2723
4 GNS.

with chic' is Ciro's watchword — and yours!



2806
5 GNS.

CIRO'S UNIQUE OFFER

In return for its price we will send you any jewel illustrated here or in our catalogues. You can wear it for fourteen days and compare it with real. If you are not fully satisfied, your money will be refunded in full.

Ciro

DIAMONDS

178 REGENT ST., 48 OLD BOND ST.
120 CHEAPSIDE.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION —continued

There are many modish functions during the ensuing weeks when a decorative afternoon dress is needed, and it is such an advantage when something is discovered that may also be worn at informal dinners. The dress on the right, from Corot's, 33, Old Bond Street, W.1, may appropriately be donned for these occasions. It is carried out in pastel-tinted pink chiffon, the long sleeves are rucked, quillings and flounces appear on the skirt, and the raised waist line of Grecian conception is emphasized by black velvet ribbon. Naturally the price must be mentioned, for it is merely seven guineas; it may be acquired on the instalment system, that is to say, that one guinea must be paid down, followed by six monthly payments of the same amount. The shady black bankok hat is three guineas and may be paid for in like manner. And these frocks are not ready-to-wear but made to measure. There is really not the least excuse for any woman not being perfectly turned out with the aid of the Corot fashions and instalment plan. It is so simple. Further details and a catalogue will gladly be sent gratis and post free.



Models, Corot

Elliott & Fulton

It was decided after much discussion that a back view of the white satin evening dress on the extreme right from Corot's should be shown, and not the front, with its graceful cowl drapery. The fan-shaped motif is not only ornamental but useful, inasmuch as it holds the neck strap in position; surely it must not be called a shoulder strap; the motif is expressed in tiny milk-white beads relieved with crystals. Then, although the frock has the much-to-be-desired slimming effect, it is only eight guineas. It is impossible in words to do justice to the black velvet wrap as it is in the arrangement of the cape that its indelible cachet lies. It may be draped in a variety of ways to suit the wearer and the occasion, and the price—well, it is eleven guineas. It is a perfect foil for the white satin evening dress, and looks well during the day with a frock of the same character as the pink chiffon affair on this page. There is a new salon devoted to evening dresses, the mirrors are of a very special character, and the surroundings have been designed and carried out in such a manner that harmony always prevails between them and the lovely frocks.

BETH
JOZES



"What's
to-day?"

Thursday. Our turn for
being re-dressed."

"Don't
think

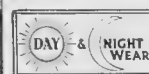
they'll change this week.
These lovely Royalist and
Rochene Silks are selling
like fun."

Royalist and Rochene are the cream of British pure silks. They are made by the makers of the famous Japshan, in very clever stripes you haven't seen before, and also in 56 delightful plain shades. You can choose gorgeous Royalist and Rochene silks "made up" in original frocks and blouses, or by the yard, 36" wide. Royalist, per yard 8/11. Rochene crepe, per yard 9/11.

TWO WILLIAM HOLLINS FABRICS

Royalist AND Rochene SILKS

If you have any difficulty in obtaining Royalist and Rochene, write for patterns and name of nearest stockist to
WM. HOLLINS & COMPANY LIMITED
CASTLE BOULEVARD, NOTTINGHAM



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Fashions that will be seen on the links, on the river, and in the country in general are well represented in the Jaeger salons, 352, Oxford Street. This firm have contributed the tennis coat in the centre of this page; it is made of diagonally woven tweed and, as will be seen, it gives width to the shoulders and is high waisted; of it one may become the possessor for 8 guineas; and then there are other coats that have been amusingly christened "the long and the short of it" for 3 guineas and 4 guineas respectively. The figure on the left is wearing a wool sailor-boy jumper; it is 29s. 6d., or in silk and wool it is 1 guinea; the flannel skirt which accompanies it buttons down the front and is 29s. 6d. Again, there is an infinite variety of cardigans and jumpers.

There are the loveliest of models imaginable to be seen at the Maison Ross, 19, Grafton Street, Bond Street. Some will appear at the June Courts, others at Ascot, Goodwood, and fashionable weddings. It is impossible to do justice to them in words, as detail and colours are of paramount importance in these salons. Illustrated on this page is a frock that will doubtless grace the less formal functions; it is carried out in one of the new wool fabrics that have not so far been christened. Very important are the white piqué collar and gauntlet cuffs. For the débutante there is an ensemble that is sure to please; it is of checked silk and wool, with a becomingly cut bolero, and there is a red blouse—touches of drawn thread-work appear here and there.

The march of fashion is ever westward, therefore it is in the natural course of things that the Condor hats may now be seen in artistic salons in Regent Street as well as in the City. This change in arrangements has been made in order to save the time of their vast *clientèle*. Of course, this firm does not sell to individual women, but to the great emporiums not only in the United Kingdom but throughout the world. Every passing phase of fashion is reflected in the headgear that bears the name of Condor; it is sold by milliners of prestige. There are the very newest phases of the béret, as well as shady, graceful affairs that are ever associated with the Royal Garden Parties, Ascot, and Goodwood. Again, there are caps and scarves *en suite*.



The smart diagonally woven tweed tennis coat on the right comes from Jaeger, and so does the flannel skirt and sailor-boy jumper on the left

In the first rank of fashion may this blue cloth frock, relieved with piqué, be seen. It is sojourning in the salons of the Maison Ross

Ellis
Fulton



Wherever an Englishman Travels—whatever his pursuits—there you will find Craven "A".

Despite their diverse interests Craven "A" smokers are in entire agreement when writing us in praise of their favourite cigarette... it is "continuous satisfaction" they stress. Packet after packet—day after day—they find the same coolness, the same smoothness, the same fine flavour and condition.

Craven "A" never vary. Always, anywhere, you will meet in them just those characteristics you would expect to be the result of making pure, mature, Virginia cigarettes under ideal conditions. Carreras test and adopt every advance of Science for making cigarettes purer and finer: Craven "A" are unvaryingly good cigarettes—innocent of adulteration of any kind.

The perfect condition of Craven "A" at packing time is protected against all variations of climate by the "Tru-Vac" hermetically sealed circular Tin and by the dry-proof, damp-proof, dust-proof "CELLOPHANE" wrapping around every Packet and flat Tin. Try Craven "A" and mark well the tone and flavour of these unfailingly FRESH cigarettes.



Arcadia Works (London), set the highest standard in both precept and practice of Cigarette making.



Twenty 1/-
Fifty 2/6
Hundred 5/-

There are also
CRAVEN NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

— for smokers who want the equivalent of Craven "A" value and character but who prefer a "plain" cigarette to a cork-tipped one. Sold in green packings of the same type and at the same price as the red packings of Craven "A".

CRAVEN "A"

made specially to prevent sore throats

Marrying Abroad.

On May 27, Mr. H. G. Dennehy, I.C.S., the second son of the late Mr. J. G. Dennehy, is marrying Miss Constance Alexander, the only daughter of Colonel Harvey Alexander, D.S.O., and Mrs. Alexander of The Grange, Chetnole, Dorset; another wedding abroad is that between Mr. Harold Brindley Hone, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hone of Salisbury, Rhodesia, and Miss Elizabeth Hilary Dixie, the daughter of Mrs. Dixie of Kenilworth, near Cape Town, which is to take place in the Cathedral, Salisbury, Rhodesia, on July 2.

Next Month.

Mr. Eric Sandars and Miss Margaret Elwes are to be married at Westminster Cathedral on June 13; on the 6th, Mr. Connelly McCausland, Irish Guards, and Miss Margaret Edgcumbe are being married at Aldenham Church; Mr. Ernest H. Carnochan of Simla, India, and Miss D'Arcy La Roche Salter have fixed the 9th for their wedding; the 7th is the date of the marriage between Mr. Thomas Morris-Cox and Miss Vera Cornell, which is to be at St. Peter's, Eaton Square; and on the 11th, Lieut.-Commander Athelstan Paul Bush, D.S.O., marries Miss Elma Rose Pomeroy Salmon.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. John Shorland of Calcutta, the son of the late Dr. George Shorland and Mrs. Shorland of Berkhamstead, and Miss Joan Craven of Westwick Hall,



Hay Wrightson

MISS ROSEMARY MITFORD

The elder daughter of the late Major the Hon. Clement Freeman-Mitford, D.S.O., and Lady Helen Brocklehurst, who is engaged to Lieutenant Richard James Bailey, Royal Navy, of H.M.S. *Revenge*, the elder son of Colonel and Mrs. Percy Bailey of Mangersbury, Stow on the Wold, Glos.

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Lafayette

MR. AND MRS. C. G. G. WAINMAN

Who were married on May 10 at All Souls', Langham Place. Mr. Charles Wainman, who is in the 4th Queen's Own Hussars, is the second son of the late Captain P. S. G. Wainman and Mrs. Wainman of Old Prebendal House, Shipton under Wychwood, Oxon, and his wife was formerly Miss Patience Ingham, the only daughter of Major and Mrs. Ingham of Wighill Park, Yorkshire



Elliott & Fry

MRS. J. F. COOPER

Before her marriage on May 7 to Mr. James Francis Cooper, the son of the late John Cooper, Fleet Paymaster, R.N., and Mrs. Cooper of the Stud Farm, Halstead, Kent, Mrs. Cooper was Dr. Rosaleen Graves, and is the daughter of the late Mr. A. P. Graves and Mrs. Graves of Erinfa, Harlech, N. Wales

and Airthrey Castle, Bridge of Allan, Stirlingshire; Sub-Lieutenant John Carmalt-Jones, the only son of Dr. and Mrs. D. W. Carmalt-Jones of Dunedin, N.Z., and Little Chalfont, Bucks, and Miss Hazel Constance Churchill Waters, the only daughter of the late Rev. R. E. Waters and of Mrs. Waters of Rosemount, Farnborough Park, Kent; Captain T. W. Davidson, Royal Army Medical Corps, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Davidson of 44, Fitzwilliam Place, Dublin, and Miss Kathleen Croly, younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel W. Croly, D.S.O., and Mrs. Croly of Sussex Cottage, Hale, Farnham; Mr. Keith Desmond Wagstaffe, Indian Police, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Wagstaffe of Rothley, Leicestershire, and Miss Muriel Lowe, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Lowe of Sefton Drive, Nottingham.

MAPPIN & WEBB*The Silver Specialists*

These cups are solid, substantial in weight and were designed by "Mappin" Craftsmen at the Sheffield Manufactory. A Catalogue of Cups, Bowls, Medals, and Shields will be sent upon request or selections will be forwarded for approval.

22284 Sterling Silver
6½" high £5 : 5 : 0
10½" " 10 : 10 : 0
13" " 15 : 15 : 0
15" " 22 : 10 : 0



21403 Sterling Silver
4" high £1 : 15 : 0
5" " 2 : 17 : 6
7" " 5 : 0 : 0
9" " 8 : 15 : 0
22258 Sterling Silver
4½" high £2 : 2 : 0
6" " 4 : 4 : 0
7" " 5 : 5 : 0
9½" " 10 : 10 : 0

LONDON: 156-162 OXFORD STREET, W.1 172 REGENT STREET, W.1 2 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.4
Manufactory—The Royal Works—Sheffield
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JAY'S LTD. REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1



A Beauty Cream that becomes A Lifelong Friend

Once a woman has found what LUXURIA can do for her skin, she seldom seeks further for a cream to guard her beauty.

Melting deeply into the pores at a touch of your finger, LUXURIA gently loosens those tiny buried grains of dust and grime, which, if allowed to remain, do such infinite harm both to the texture and whiteness of your skin. And while LUXURIA cleanses, its precious oils pursue their wonderful work of nourishing and lubricating, so that your skin is kept ineffably soft, fresh and lovely.

LUXURIA can be obtained at all good department stores, chemists and hairdressers. Price 2/3, 4/-, 8/6, 11/9.

What make-up should you use?

What is the best treatment for your skin?

Call at the Harriet Hubbard Ayer Salons, 130 Regent Street, London, and get expert advice. Or write for a free booklet, "All for Beauty," which tells how to improve your looks in your own home. Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations are obtainable from all good Department Stores, Hairdressers and Chemists.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER
LIMITED
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

NEW YORK LONDON PARIS



FROM OUR NEW
READY - TO - WEAR
DEPARTMENT No. 16

(Second Floor).

A DAINY FROCK in
Floral Georgette and Chiffon
suitable for Garden Parties,
Ascot and semi - Evening
wear. In a selection of
attractive de-
signs and
colours. Price

6½ Gns.

FOR THE DEBUTANTE

JAY'S
Established nearly a century. Ltd
REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1.

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 344

racing reader, but the one that will be most prominent in people's memories is the one when Holocauste, the big French grey, fell at this point and broke one of his fetlocks. He was greatly fancied to win, but I always thought that the information was all against success over these gradients. Personally, I do not believe that Holocauste would have won, even if he had not fallen. He was very much on the leg and definitely straight in front, and though size is not always a stopper, provided there is balance with it, my own ideal has always been something medium-sized with unimpeachable shoulders. Unbalanced down the hill, perhaps a rough passage round The Corner, and the handicap is a somewhat heavy one. The land continues to fall a bit almost to The Bell, and the rails side of the course is slightly lower than the other side, and from below the "distance" in, the course is slightly against the collar. When they speak about the horse for Epsom, we have also got to think very hard about the jockey for Epsom. It is not everyone's dog, by any means.

Having said all this about preferring the medium-sized, short-coupled steed for Epsom, I am going to tip you

MIRACLE

who is neither small nor short-coupled, and about as unlike his sire, Manna, in type as the Two Thousand winner, Orwell, is like him. I pick



AT WOLVERHAMPTON RACES

Good going and fine weather helped to make the meeting a great success. Mr. and Mrs. Tovey and Mr. E. J. Gore, who trains his own had Sybil Green in the Bushbury Maiden Plate

Miracle to win the Derby and the Leger because, as I work it out, he is better bred to stay than anything else engaged in either race. When you come to look at his pedigree, he is bred upon very much the same lines as those wonderful horses, Persimmon, Diamond Jubilee, and Florizel II, for they, as does Miracle, were bred back on parallel lines to the same great horse, Blacklock—sire of Voltaire, sire of Voltigeur, sire of Vedette, sire of Galopin, sire of St. Simon. Perdita II, the dam of His late Majesty's great horse, went straight back to Blacklock. The blood is very potent, and anything that is inbred to St. Simon can be relied upon, in my humble and probably quite poor opinion, to stay for a week and be galloping on at the end of it. Look at Miracle's pedigree and you will see that he gets this blood from head to heel, and that it is particularly strong on both the dams' side: Waffles, his paternal grand-dam, is inbred to Blacklock, and so is something much closer up Brodick Bay, his dam. She gets it through both Swynford and Bayardo. I do not say that on his looks Miracle is one I'd be after picking for Epsom; he is a bit too long and a bit too high, but I do not agree that he is bad in the middle piece, and that he is shy of a rib. He is not short-coupled, admittedly, and he has not the pony action which some people think is so desirable for the Epsom Downs (and Ups), but I think he is the best horse in this race, and that even if he does not win the Derby he is a really more promising bet to give Lord Rosebery his second Leger.

Unquestionably
the Finest Whisky
Scotland Produces



★ ★ ★
THREE STAR
SPECIAL RESERVE
Scotland's Choicest
Standard Blend



★ ★ ★ ★ ★
FIVE STAR
OLD LIQUEUR
For very
Special Occasions

Crawford's
LIQUEUR
SCOTCH WHISKY



A. & A. CRAWFORD — LEITH, SCOTLAND.
London Office:— 24-26, Monument Street, E.C.3.

Now You Can Whiten Teeth—a Shade a Day



Remove Yellow and Stain, Prevent Decay This New Way . . . Teeth Whiten 3 Shades in 3 Days

A NEW and different way of making teeth gleaming white and keeping them sound has been discovered. It's a remarkable technique that removes the real cause of yellow, stain, decay and gum diseases—whitens teeth a shade a day—3 shades in 3 days. Hence it is now foolish to have teeth that embarrass.

Just do this: Morning and night, give your teeth and gums an ANTISEPTIC FOAM BATH with a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush.

Then note the day-to-day improvement. Very soon teeth look cleaner and whiter than for years. Gums feel firmer and look healthier. The mouth and breath are sweet and fresh. Here's the reason:

Kolynos is unique. It succeeds where ordinary preparations fail because it becomes an antiseptic FOAM the very moment it enters the mouth. This FOAM gets into and cleans out every pit, fissure and crevice. It kills the millions of germs that swarm into the mouth with every breath, defying

ordinary tooth-paste and cause 95% of all tooth and gum troubles—190 million are killed in the first 15 seconds.

Gently this exhilarating, antiseptic FOAM bathes the teeth and gums—erases tartar and the mucoid coating—stimulates the gums—purifies the oral cavity—CLEANS TEETH AS THEY SHOULD BE CLEANED, RIGHT DOWN TO THE BEAUTIFUL NAKED WHITE ENAMEL WITHOUT INJURY!

Thus stain and ugly yellow are removed. Decay is prevented. Teeth are kept sound and gleaming white. And gums are safeguarded against insidious disease.

Try the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique. Start giving teeth and gums a Kolynos ANTISEPTIC FOAM BATH morning and night. You'll be glad you did. Teeth will be whiter than ever. Gums firmer and healthier. The mouth tingling with a clean, fresh taste. Buy a tube of Kolynos from your chemist to-day.

KOLYNOS

the antiseptic Dental Cream.

MADE IN ENGLAND

YOUR LAST SMOKE, THEN—

a mouth-wash and gargle with about 15 drops of Liquid Kolynos in a third of a tumbler of water will suffice for several rinsings of the mouth at a time. No other deodorizer is so refreshing or so quickly removes all taste and smell of smoke or other mouth odours, leaving palate, tongue, throat and breath perfectly fresh and sweet. Get the sprinkler flask to-day, 1/9 of all chemists, or post free from Kolynos (Dept. L.D.36), 12, Chenies St., London, W.C.1.

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No. 4



If only you were here!

What a holiday!...through quaint Holland and North

Germany to Berlin, Dresden...back by way of old Nürnberg, home of "The Mastersingers"...down the Rhine by steamer from Mainz to Cologne with its towering Cathedral (wonderfully floodlit at night)...and then home by one of the

13 Continental Routes

DOVER - - - - CALAIS	HARWICH - - - - HOOK
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FOLKESTONE BOULOGNE	HARWICH - - - - ANTWERP
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● For all information apply Continental Departments, LIVERPOOL STREET STATION, E.C.2 (for HARWICH Routes), or VICTORIA STATION, S.W.1 (for SOUTHERN Routes), or any Station, Office or Agency of the

GWYNETH and CO.



Polo Notes—continued from p. 324

The present position where the Inter-Regimental is concerned, reckoned purely on the goal score, works out like this:

The Bays are 2 goals in front of the Greys.

" " " 3 " " " " the R.A.

" " " 4 " " " " the 4th Hussars.

The 4th Hussars are 2 goals in front of the Blues.

This 4th Hussar team was only just put on its legs last season in England, because the regiment had only just come off foreign service. With the exception of Mr. H. G. Cowdell, its No. 1, it was the same team which had won the Subalterns' Tournament in India in 1929 and 1930. Mr. Armstrong played in those two years, and the other units were, and presumably still will be, Mr. R. Knight, Mr. P. W. Dollar, and Mr. J. F. Robinson. The regiment is stationed at York, where it cannot get all the sparring partners necessary to put the edge on, and so I think that its performance last season was a very good one, and that it was a sporting effort to get a team ready to start at all. Some people might have thought the contest a too unequal one, and decided to wait till they had had time to make more elaborate preparations for war. Collecting ponies is never easy, no matter how much anyone may be prepared to pay. The team got into the final of the Subalterns' Cup at Ranelagh and was decisively beaten by the Greys 9—4. In the Inter-Regimental the Bays beat the Greys 5—3, and they beat the 4th 7—3: a two-goal difference. There ought not, therefore, to have been as much as five goals difference between the Greys and the 4th, but as a matter of fact the heavy cavalry were all this and a bit better on the actual run of the play, which only goes to show, as I say, that you cannot rely on figures entirely and can only make them the basis of a rough calculation, interesting nevertheless to enthusiastic chaps like you and me and the other fellow.

* * *

The Bays, the Greys, the R.A., the 4th Hussars, the Blues, the Life Guards, and the 7th Hussars on last year's Inter-Regimental form seem to me to be the ones who are best entitled to be in the betting, the price about the Bays being just about as short as Orwell's for

the Derby and nothing like as false. No one-sided contest is ever really interesting, and I hope this year's one will not be so, but the book absolutely entitles the favourites to their position. All that I have been trying to do in this quite humble analysis is to indicate possibilities.

I think, as I thought last year, that the Greys are a really good regimental side in the making, and the 4th Hussar team easily might cause a surprise because of that good old rule of racing that you should never leave out of the calculation a horse's best form. We do not know at the moment what shape the R.A. team will take. They broke the 17th/21st Lancer spell in 1927 and they still have some of that vintage year left. And then there is this Blues' team. They went very well for four chukkers against the 4th Hussars last year, and it was 5 all up to about half-way through that period when the 4th put on a goal and never looked like losing after it, even though the Household cavalry hung on to them very gamely. The Blues have a coach, second to none, in their C.O., Lieut.-Colonel D. C. Boles, the ex-17th Lancer and the 17th/21st Lancer back, and it is a young team full of the right kind of ginger and thrust, so that they again may show us a leap forward this year. Anyway, I hope so, because the people to whom we have got to look are the coming generation of performers—the Blues, Greys, 4th Hussars, to pick three at random, all belong to this category, for the majority of their players are subalterns. I think that that entry of ten teams for the Blakiston-Houston Cup at Tidworth, to which reference is made in the earlier part of these notes, is the most promising sign we have had for a long time past.

* * *

More letters have arrived to me about the decision of polo G.H.Q. to cease opening the club to the public on Saturdays and on days when big events are played, and two enthusiasts, ladies, have offered to run the secretarial and ticket-selling side of it off their own bat. I understand that their proposal is being sent in to the manager and secretary of Hurlingham and he will give it a fair consideration. Of that I have no doubt. The one and only reason why the custom of the past twelve years has been discontinued is for economy's sake. The receipts did not cover expenditure.



MR. J. M. SEMPLE IN DUBLIN
At the All Ireland Polo Club's fine grounds at The Nine Acres in the Phoenix. Mr. Semple is a very well-known big-game shot

The only water biscuit
with the true
nutty flavour

Water Biscuits are not at all the same thing if you leave out that vital first word "JACOB'S." And cheese without Jacob's Water Biscuits is like strawberries without the cream. In airtight ½-lb. cartons and in tins of various sizes.



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Ordinary or High Baked

W. & R. Jacob & Co. Ltd., are makers of the original and best Cream Crackers, also Marie, Puff Crackers, Goldgrain, Jabisco Assorted, Chocolate Biscuits, and over 300 other varieties.

NELSON KEYS,

now playing in "Bow Bells" at the Hippodrome, London, writes:

"PHOSFERINE has helped me to face an audience with perfect confidence night after night. It has a particularly soothing effect on the nerves, and gives one the self-assurance so essential in an actor's profession. Acting is a great drain on the individual's nervous resources, and an actor must have vigour and energy if he would be successful. I myself find that my profession has a tremendous strain on the nerves, and one needs a tonic if one is to carry on night after night after making talking pictures all day, and please the public. I am glad to have this opportunity of testifying to the efficacy of Phosferine. Incidentally, it is remarkable how many other members of the profession I meet who are also indebted to this supreme nerve tonic for their ability to withstand the strain of continual appearance before the public."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

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PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
100 BOXES 4'8" • FLAT TINS OF 50 2'6"

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

N.C.C.I.O.S. A

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

Our Open Show was a great success. The innovations introduced appealed to the public, and there was a large and interested circle of spectators round the rings all day. The first day our President, H.H. Princess Helena Victoria, came to the Show and was much interested in the Great Danes and parade of brave dogs, as well as in the ordinary exhibits. The second day Sir Roger Keyes kindly attended and gave away the prizes in the children's classes, the dog world cups, and prizes for the brave dogs. He also saw the Great Dane display. The special for the "best in show" went to Mr. Calvert Butler's well-known Kerry blue terrier, Ch. Muircroft Thora, with the Chow Ch. Rochow Diadem reserve. The parades of breeds were a feature of the first day, and most effective, as large numbers of the same dogs together always look well. The rather rarer toy breeds turned up well, and there were quite a number of Japanese spaniels, as well as Italian greyhounds; these latter little dogs seem coming into favour again. Cocker, of course, headed the entry and were well judged by M. Daniel Lacombe, who kindly came over from France to judge for us. Our chairman, Lady Howe, had a busy time; as besides being responsible as chairman of the Show Committee, for the Show she judged Labradors and golden retrievers the first day, the variety classes and specials the second. Mrs. Hill Wood nobly came to the rescue and judged the general obedience classes with Mr. McCandlish, Colonel Wilson being unable to stay for the second day. The children's classes, which were judged by Lady Wolverhampton, Mr. McCandlish, and myself, caused great amusement, especially little Miss Eirlys Evans, who showed her whip-pet as one to the manner born. The older children's class was won by Miss Peggy Pacey with Wings, who had won the West Highland bitch



CH. MENAIFRON ROSE
The property of Mrs. Holt

one year old, also second International Irish Setter Trials, and two certificates of merit in the All Aged Stake at the Irish Setter Trials. Mrs. Holt is looking forward to Rose's puppies, the father of which is the famous Ch. Jim O'Moy.

The Scottie is a dog of marked character and individuality both in appearance and disposition. Anyone who has ever owned one swears by the breed. Mrs. Field has a good kennel of Scotties and sends a picture of her stud dog, Albourne Workman. She has some puppies for sale of both sexes, also some good Dalmatian pups.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



ALBOURNE WORKMAN
The property of Mrs. Field



ROSELLA
The property of Miss Bell



Banish
Bale

Work in the fresh air. Put a sunshine room in your garden and use it for reading, for writing. Use it for lazing. Health will come. Forty designs.

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London Showrooms:
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See our Exhibit,
Royal Chelsea Show, May 25-27.

Can't Sleep—Can't Eat —Can't Work —Victim of Self-Poisoning

Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder,

for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.



FACE THE FACTS!

What your skin needs is certain fine ingredients. Only the very finest go into Pomeroy Skin Food. Massage your face with it every night. Thus you cleanse, and exercise, and nourish your skin—in the right *scientific* way, of tissue building. And so it is *natural* loveliness that rewards you.

POMEROY SKIN FOOD

From your Chemist—Jars 2/3, Tubes 1/-

Try LILINE—the British Powder-cream, 6d., 1/3—for day-long loveliness.

BRITISH AIDS TO BRITISH BEAUTY
MRS. POMEROY LTD., 29, OLD BOND ST., W. 1



An Atlantic Giant

goes cruising — again

As we guessed, one cruise is not enough to accommodate all those enthusiasts who want the experience of sailing in the Homeric. So here are three further sailing dates which will fit in with everybody's holiday plans. Make your summer holiday really brilliant this time. Sail South in the Homeric. Mediterranean weather, White Star service, the largest twin screw liner in the world—these three together will give you cruising pleasure unparalleled.

R. M. S.
HOMERIC
 The world's largest twin-screw steamer (34,351 tons) to the
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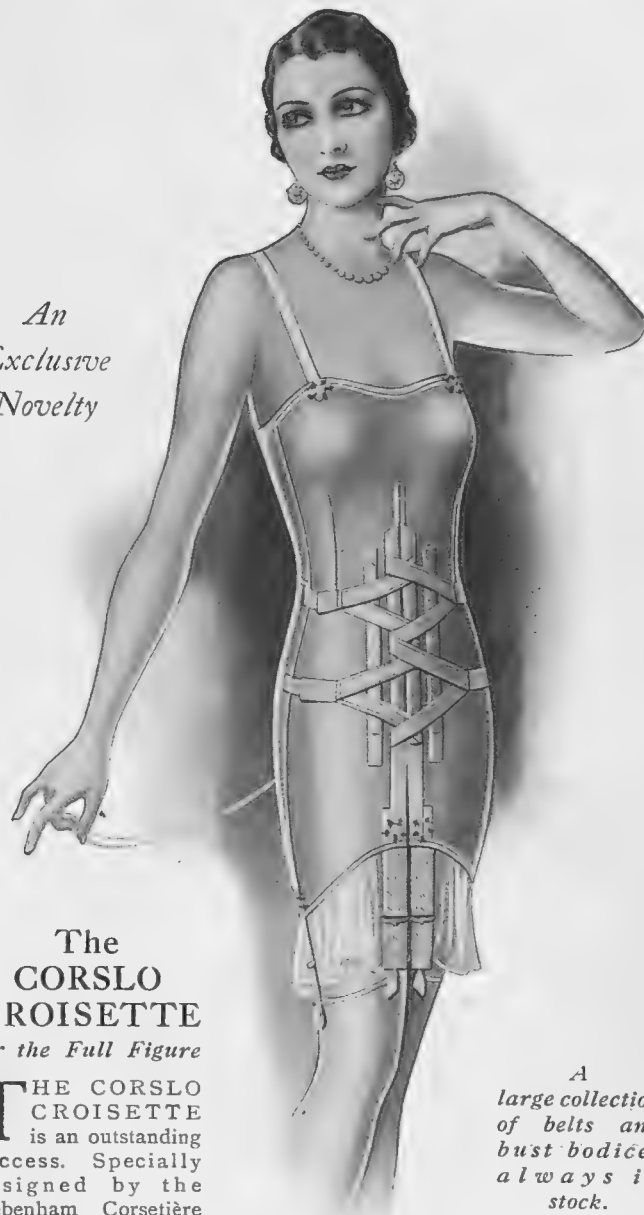
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In Cotton Tricot. Measurements required when ordering: bust, **5 Gns.**

In Silk Tricot **8 Gns.**

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Debenham & Freebody
 WIGMORE STREET,
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(Debenhams Ltd.)

The Man Who Couldn't Hear

(Continued from p. 350)

station, and on hearing them ask for tickets to Lincoln, bought one, too. He was so sure of himself that when Turley, play-acting a hurrying passenger, rushed into him he was caught completely off his guard. He went down with such a crash on the stone pavement that he was stunned.

This made the "accident" neater even than Turley had expected, for the crowd that instantly collected round the insensible detective so elbowed Turley into the back-ground that, once he had made sure that Elton was down and out for the night, he was able to slip away unobtrusively. He could almost have rejoined Moran and Oakes, only they had already vanished with the completeness of artists, also it did not do to go counter to Moran's plans.

He obeyed them, in fact, to the letter. He went off to the East End, and managed to get himself taken up for drunken brawling after a very cheerful evening. With money enough in his pocket to pay the fine he was actually happy in his alibi.

But next morning he wasn't so pleased about it.

He was not taken off before the magistrate, but carried right across town to a West End police station. As he entered it the first man he saw was Elton, looking far too cheerful and fit for a man who had been knocked insensible last night. In fact Turley realized that he had gone down and out far too easily to be true. And if the sight of Elton was bad enough, there was another sight right at the back of the room that was worse—he saw Moran and Oakes under police guard.

He was almost paralyzed with astonishment, only he was soon stung alive again by fear. Moran turned eyes of hate upon him and accused

him of "squeaking." He was dumb-founded, and protested his innocence in terror, for Moran had the ugliest reputation; but Moran and Oakes would not believe him. How *could* they? Elton had caught them red-handed as they came out of the Rimner house in Maida Vale—how could the police have known if Turley hadn't squeaked, since only the three of them knew?

And right across the room Elton watched their faces and laughed.

"Moran's accusing Turley of 'squeaking,'" he told the sergeant-in-charge, and the sergeant stared at Elton and said:

"How do you know that Elton? You can't hear what they say, You're too far away."

"I don't have to hear, sergeant," Elton chuckled. "I can see it."

"See it?" the sergeant was mystified.

"Yes—as I saw all they said last night," Elton went on. "It's queer that Moran should have missed that point. He's clever, but like most crooks not clever enough. He took the trouble to find out that I'd been a school-master before becoming a policeman, but didn't trouble to find out what sort of school I'd worked in."

"Well, what's that got to do with it?" asked the puzzled sergeant.

"It was a school for the deaf and dumb, that's all," laughed Elton.

"Oh, you don't see it either. . . . Well, my job there was to teach lip-reading—that is, I trained children who could not hear to understand conversation by following the movements of the lips. And since I had to train others in the art I became a master of it myself. See what I mean? I don't have to hear what people say, I can read it from their lips, even across a restaurant. That was why the Chief put me on to Moran. He knew the crook's boldness, and my knowledge was the only way to find out his plans. . . . And Moran gave them away pretty thoroughly, as his capture last night shows."



CARSON ROBISON AND HIS PIONEERS

The man who made the "Hilly Billy" songs famous is due with his *Pioneers* at the Cabaret at the Berkeley Restaurant from May 30 onwards. A "Hilly Billy" is a first cousin of a Hick and a Hayseed. The other members of his company in the picture are William and James Mitchell and Pearl Pickens



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FLANNEL or CASHMERE for Summer Comfort

In the tailoring of light summer materials, Bernard Weatherill achieves that easy, cool freedom without sacrificing in any way the distinctive style to which the well-dressed man is accustomed.

For only 8 guineas Bernard Weatherill will make you a lounge suit from the finest West of England Flannel, plain or pin stripe, made exclusively for this house. His new Cashmeres are available at 9 guineas.



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Half-heartedness never got anyone anywhere.
Holloway's believe in bettering best 'cos that's good business. What a gin they make! Best for cocktails, best for long drinks, best for any drink that needs a sparkling spot of gin in it.
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"TERESA." A four-piece Pesco Pure Wool Sports Set, embracing two-colour cap, scarf, and V-neck Jumper, with self-pleated skirt.

Modern in design and colouring, gay and yet essentially tasteful, of an integrity which the word "Scottish" may be left to imply, the new range of "Pesco" Jumpers, Coatees and Skirts makes an irresistible appeal. Those who would have their sportswear conform faithfully to the mode should ask for "Pesco."

SCOTTISH

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SPORTSWEAR

Obtainable from all high-class Outfitters.
In case of difficulty write for brochure
of current Pesco models, and name of
nearest Agents.

PETER SCOTT & CO. LTD. (Dept. 27), HAWICK, SCOTLAND

Also "Pesco" Underwear, Bathing Suits and Hose.



MISS DIANA FISHWICK AND HER RILEY "NINE"

The ex-Lady Golf Champion snapped on a recent occasion. Her Riley "Nine" Saloon was supplied by Messrs. Pass and Joyce, Ltd., who number so many well-known golfers amongst their clientèle

slaughtered a black rabbit, the first wild one of its kind I had ever seen—there is a minor out-crop of them not far from Fountains Abbey; no doubt that would account for my slippery slice of bad luck up in the Fells, and for the ill news that awaited me when I got home. I shall go wide of black rabbit-lings in future, or, at all events, I hope they will go wide of me.

Achievement.

"One of these fine days," observed a shrewd one to me recently, "there will only be a dozen motor-car makers in Great Britain—which is as many as we want—for I doubt if there are more than about half that number really successful at the present time." He then recounted names, which I shall not do, because it would be invidious, but amongst those which he regarded as impregnable fortresses of deserved prosperity was that of Armstrong-Siddeley. I entirely agree with him, for not only am I a self-change gear fan but I reserve a special measure

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 352

of veneration for those who have the pluck to get out of the rut and originate instead of merely following the lead of others. In the 1932 vintage of the 20-h.p. model they have something calculated to create enthusiasm even in the most blasé, and I am in a position to give testimony on this point, since I had over 30,000 miles of intimacy with the 1931 type. The gear, of course, remains unaltered, and I should think is likely to remain so for a long time to come; the saloon body, with Pytchley sliding roof, has been much improved and now boasts a most practicable luggage carrier. The braking has been rendered beyond reproach, the steering made most agreeably light—but what is instantly apparent to the driver is that there have been big changes under the bonnet. There are lots and lots more horses than there formerly were, and the new horses are delightfully supple and energetic, so much so that the car may fairly be said to come into a different performance class. Believe me, it is definitely very fast indeed, and deceptively so, too, for that new power plant does its appointed work without the smallest tremor or symptom of roughness. The car handed over to me was almost brand-new, and I solemnly undertook never fully to open the throttle. Nor did I, yet ninety statute miles in two clocked hours speaks for itself.



MR. T. G. JOHN, M.I.C.E.

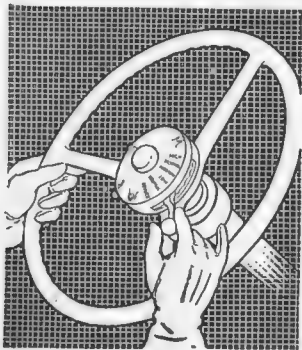
Mr. T. G. John is the creator of the famous Alvis car, and the founder of the Alvis Car and Engineering Company. He has been Managing Director since its inception twelve years ago. Mr. T. G. John started life as a marine engineer apprentice in H.M. Dockyard, Pembroke, and eventually won two scholarships at the Royal College of Science in London

The Long 20

Price £725 (ex works)



Hill-climbing and lively acceleration with the Self-Changing Gear. A trial run will demonstrate flexibility you have never before experienced. Ask your local dealer to arrange a trial at your convenience.



Write for Catalogue B.

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LTD
COVENTRY

London: 10 Old Bond Street, W.1
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Agents in all centres

1932 RANGE AND PRICES (ex works)
12 h.p. from £260 15 h.p. from £365
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A Distinguished and Luxuriously Appointed Carriage

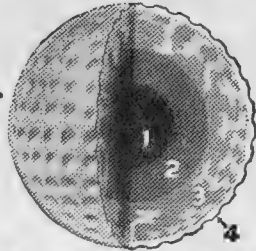
ITS established reputation for mechanical excellence is the first reason for considering the Armstrong Siddeley in your choice of a new car. A glance at its elegant coachwork at once appeals to your desire for style and finish. What then is it that prompts your final selection in so definite a way? It is that the Armstrong Siddeley is the most advanced car—equipped with the wonderful self-changing gear—a development which has out-classed the ordinary gear change and greatly improves the general performance of the car under all conditions.

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY

WITH SELF-CHANGING GEAR

Fig. 1.

This section of ordinary golf ball shows how uncontrolled penetration of gutta percha into elastic winding of core destroys resiliency and uniformity



Ever seen a MUSCLE-BOUND Golf Ball?

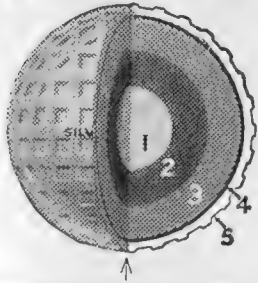


Fig. 2.

Section of a Silver King ball shows how we have secured uniformity, durability and MAXIMUM resiliency by a patent manufacturing process which absolutely prevents cover penetration.

The diagram above shows how the gutta percha cover penetrates into the elastic winding of an ordinary golf ball when it is pressure moulded. Wherever that penetration occurs resiliency is destroyed. The ball is muscle-bound.

The construction (patent No. 325590) of the Silver King Golf Ball absolutely prevents this destructive penetration, and enables us to guarantee PERFECT uniformity and resiliency with MAXIMUM durability in every ball.

Buy a box and see.

FREE: NEW BOOKLET FOR GOLFERS.

You will find some very valuable information in our new booklet, "Has it ever occurred to you?" Send for free copy.

All the Sting of your Swing is in the Ping of the

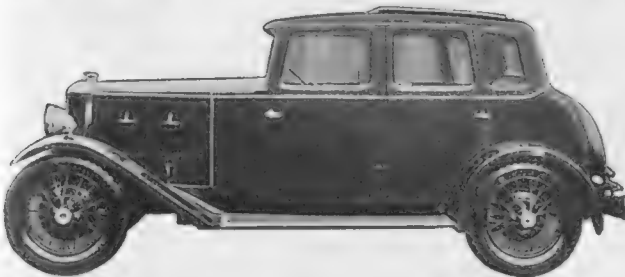
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Silver King
THE CONSISTENT GOLF BALL
In mesh and Recess Markings 2/-. "King Plus" 2/6. Lynx 1/-.

These prices apply only to the British Isles.

Obtainable from all Professionals and Sports Dealers.

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The 16/56 6-cylinder Acedes Light Saloon (tax £16), with the most attractive body ever fitted on an A.C. chassis, is unusually roomy and comfortable. A genuine high-class car at a medium price.

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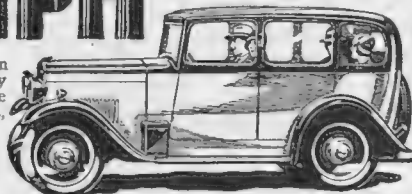
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from £179

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Write for details of all models, from £140.
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DAILY from 12 noon.

(SUNDAYS from 6.0)

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COLIN CLIVE

"THE GUARDSMAN"

with LYNN FONTANNE

and ALFRED LUNT

"BEAU CHUMPS"

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A perfect
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FAULTLESS GEAR-CHANGE

No double-declutching, no "feeling" for gears, no stalling, no noise—you never need make a bad gear-change on the Vauxhall Cadet. Synchro-Mesh gears give you a feeling of expert control; the Silent Second makes it pleasant to use your gears as you should. And in performance and appearance the Cadet is all you could wish for. Ask any dealer for a trial run, or write to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Edgware Rd., The Hyde, London, N.W.9.

4-DOOR SALOON £285

(Ex Works, Hendon)

Flush-type weatherproof sliding roof, £10 extra.
Fixed-head Coupé - £295
Tickford Saloon and Drop-head Coupé - £325
Special 26-h.p. model for overseas.

"LET'S take both cars and run the who'e party down to the tennis courts," proposed Anne. "And bags I the Cadet."

"You always do," grumbled Jimmy.

"Well, I like that! Who keeps telling me I can't change gear decently on anything except a Cadet? D'you want me to go clattering along like a young tank?"

"All right, Anne," grinned her brother. "You have it. Even you drive like a veteran with the Cadet's gears. They're Synchro-Mesh, you know," he added professorially.

"Are they really? How interesting!" Anne's voice sounded a trifle sarcastic. "All I know is that I never do any of that double-declutching business—I just move the lever over. And I've never made a bad change yet!"

"More credit to the car than to you," muttered Jimmy, grimly.

VAUXHALL CADET

(17-H.P. — SIX CYLINDERS)

It's British

COMPLETE RANGE OF MODELS ON VIEW AT
174-182, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1.



Air Eddies—continued from p. 348

Heston.

Heston has been busy during the fine weather. Among the visitors there recently were Lady Marjorie Dalrymple Hamilton, who took her first flying lesson with Captain Baker; Lord Carlrow, who appears at intervals in the *Cutty Sark* G-AAIP, Mrs. Vereker in her Puss Moth, and Lady Muriel Bowden, who had her first flight there two or three weeks ago. Lord Borodale, son of Lord Beatty, has qualified for his "A" licence.

The Heston Hotel seems likely to prove popular. Several of the Heston habitués have said that they have been waiting for it for some time, and that it will greatly increase the practical value of the aerodrome when flying to and from London. The rooms are furnished "Heston fashion," a phrase which, for aviation, is collecting the connotations that "Bristol fashion" has for seafaring; that is (I quote the dictionary) "shipshape, with all in good order."

* * *

Coventry and Northampton.

The need for dealing fully with the Brooklands meeting this week-end has not allowed space for treating of the pageants at Coventry and Northamptonshire. But in a subsequent issue it is hoped to deal with these events. I have received communications from some club secretaries drawing attention to their meetings, and I make every attempt to deal with such meetings in these notes. But the large number of pageants this year makes the task difficult, and I must claim their forbearance.

One pageant, of which everyone should make a note, is that which will be held at Bristol on Saturday week, June 4. It should be a display of exceptional merit, and will be well worth visiting no matter how long the journey.

Eve at Golf—continued from p. 354

plucky effort to win her third championship running with only a fortnight's practice before it. Really, the grit of Miss Jefferies, on that miserable soaking wet morning, was only equalled by the coolness of Miss Rieben. The match went thuswise. Miss Jefferies was steadily though slightly up until the 13th in the morning, was 2 down at lunch-time, square two holes later, 3 down again by the turn.

The long procession of cars making a grandstand of the road above the waterlogged links probably had hard work to restrain their hoots in

jubilation, for Miss Rieben is the local darling. Then Miss Jefferies, turning into the wind and rain, made a last desperate attack and had the match square at the 13th. One fancied that the brakes on the road screeched in agony. Not so Miss Rieben. Talk of courage and you must not forget hers, for after seeing that lead

vanish she merely set her teeth, just holed a long putt to win the 14th (Miss Jefferies' usually trusty niblick was sad traitor there), won the 15th, lost the 16th to a good putt, and then, after a would-be

pitch of which the least said the better, holed one last enormous putt for the match 2 and 1. The cars made one mad rush for the station yard and the occupants thence to the clubhouse; the train from Towyn arrived at that moment with all the school-boys and girls hanging out of the windows and shouting; Miss Rieben made a nice little speech, and then the inhabitants man-handled one of the cars with her in it, home. Aberdovey was entirely happy.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

Members of Thorndon Park, where the South-Eastern Championship is to be played June 13-16, are offering hospitality to competitors. Players wishing to be put up should write to Mrs. Forrester, 19, Richmond Mansions, S.W.3, to whom also entries which close May 30 should be sent



AT LE TOUQUET: MRS. "BILL" GARTHWAITE
Mrs. "Bill" Garthwaite is the daughter-in-law of Sir William Garthwaite, who has a villa in Le Touquet, and a daughter of Sir Joseph and Lady Duveen. Unlike her father, whose catholic taste in art is universally known, she is very interested in the modern school

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On right—

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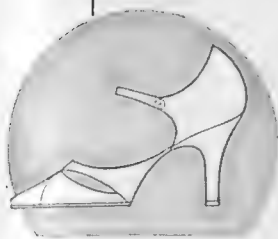
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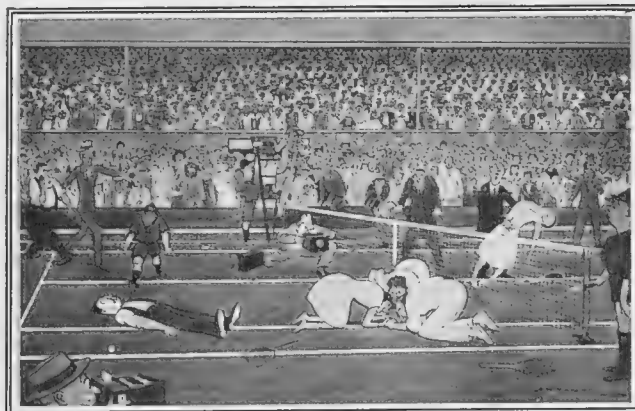


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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, urgently plead for an old couple aged sixty-nine and sixty-five, who live up in the north. He has worked hard all his life at his boat-building business on the Tyne. His wife has been an invalid for fourteen years. Now, owing to the trade depression, his little business has entirely failed through no fault of his own, and they have had to sell up their home. They were quite penniless till their married daughter took them to her humble home. Her husband works abroad, and she has found it very difficult to make ends meet for herself and her family, and now this extra burden makes it very hard for her. To add to everything the old man is suffering from a slow-growing cancer, though he does not know it, and so far he can get about and help his wife. When the Friends of the Poor first heard of this case they sent their representative to visit and report, and later sent blankets and a small grant, and their visitor writes, saying that they were "both quite overcome with gratitude." The old man will be seventy in June, and will then be eligible for the Old Age Pension. The Friends of the Poor appeal for £6 so as to be able to give them 10s. a week until he gets his pension, which will very considerably ease matters. Please do not fail to help them to collect this sum.

The Forum "Buy British" campaign is a voluntary effort, the object being to encourage British trade and commerce by increasing an intelligent demand among women for home and Empire products, and so increase employment. With this object in view, a series of luncheons has been held with speeches—on the Empire Marketing Board, the British Fish Industry, British Motors, Agriculture, Films, and also an afternoon reception and illustrated talk on hats. An Exhibition of Nottingham Lace is being held from Friday, May 27, to Thursday, June 2, inclusive. On Friday afternoon the committee will receive lace buyers from big shops and stores at a private view. On Monday, May 30, H.R.H. the Duchess of York, H.H. Princess Marie Louise, and H.H. Princess Helena Victoria are having a private view of the exhibition, and at three o'clock the Duchess of Portland will formally open the exhibition. On Tuesday, May 31, H.H. Princess Marie Louise will attend a mannequin

parade. The Forum Club are asking shops to make special window displays of Nottingham lace during the week and to hold mannequin parades in order to bring the attention of the public to the beauty and usefulness of Nottingham lace products. The Nottingham lace trade, perhaps almost more than any other, has suffered in the past from dumping and under-selling. After the War the trade sank to the very depths of depression, but the Safeguarding of Industries Act did much to revive this, one of the earliest of machine trades.

In the last few years a tremendous effort has been made by lace manufacturers in Nottingham and the surrounding districts to attract custom by introducing novelties in curtain fabrics and dress nets and laces. These have too often begun well, as in the case of imitation broderie anglaise and fancy laces in which artificial silk is largely used, only to fail before they had taken firm hold of the market, because the wholesalers immediately flooded the market with large importations of cheap foreign imitations. In 1931, a drop in the price of cotton yarn would have left the trade with only a 5 per cent. drop on their total export, had they been able to maintain the average of the last two years; instead, the figures for 1929, £2,204,641, and those of 1931, £1,173,697, tell their own tale, and to those with power to see what lies behind such figures a sad story of factories closed down, turned to other uses, or working only to 50 per cent. or 25 per cent. of their capacity.



"PETER"—THE PIPER ON GUARD

This eleven-year-old "sentry" sits on guard with his pipe in his mouth all day long outside a well-known West End restaurant and takes no notice of anyone unless any attempt to take his pipe—then there is a spot of bother

The Victoria Palace have a strong variety bill this week, including Bobby Pinkus, assisted by Isabelle Divan in "A Chap who can Take it," Talbot O'Farrell, Giovanni, the world's greatest pickpocket, the Charlatines, Ella Retford, and the famous Hollywood chimpanzees, Max, Moritz, and Akka, etc.

The Three Hundred Ball in aid of the National Children Adoption Association is being held at the Café de Paris on Thursday, June 9. There will be dinner and dancing from 8.30. The tickets are 30s. each, and may be obtained from Lady Bertha Dawkins, Prince of Wales's Court, Kensington Palace, W.

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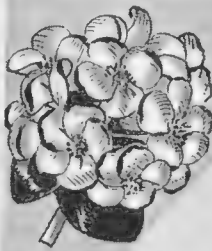
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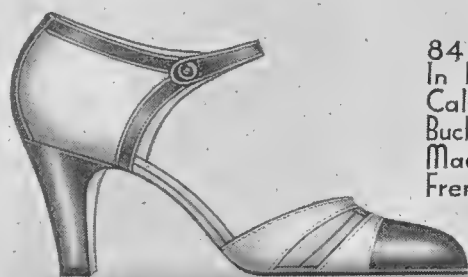
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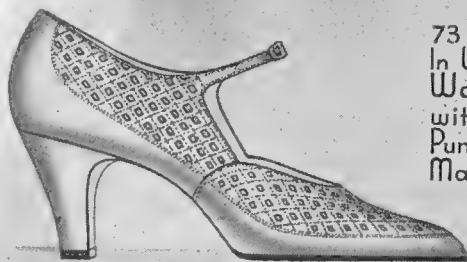


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new freedom*



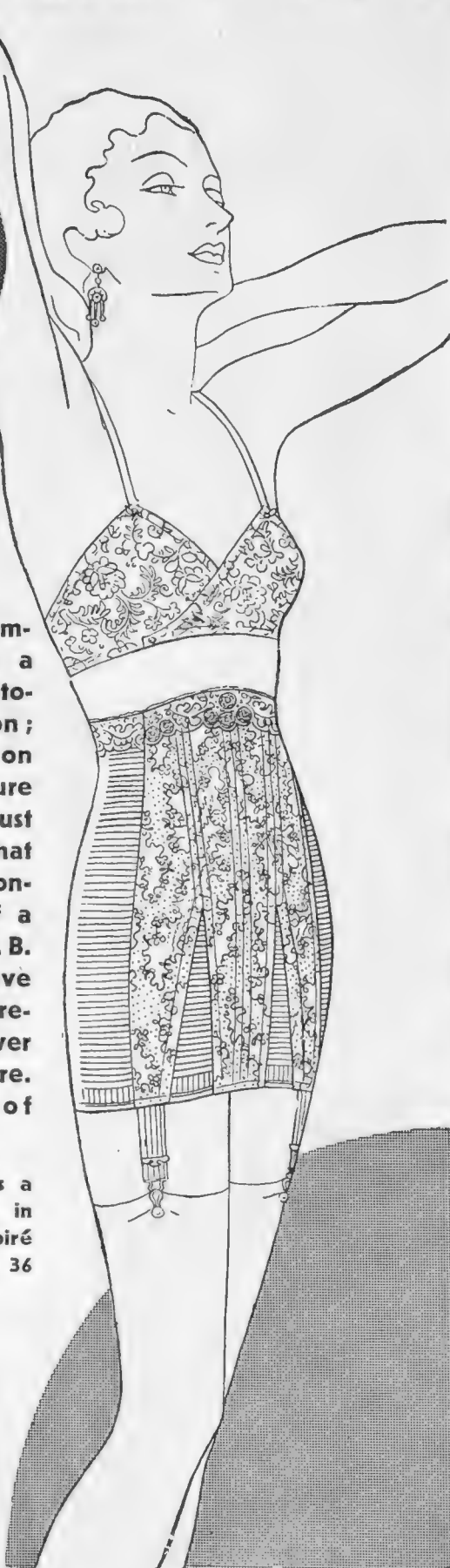
Perhaps the most important garment in a woman's wardrobe to-day is her foundation; so strict is Fashion on the matter of figure lines that you must choose a garment that offers all the fashionable advantages of a J.B. Model. A J.B. Garment can improve your figure and reveal lines you never guessed were there. British created, of course.

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I will tell you how FREE

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In ivory, flesh, pêche,
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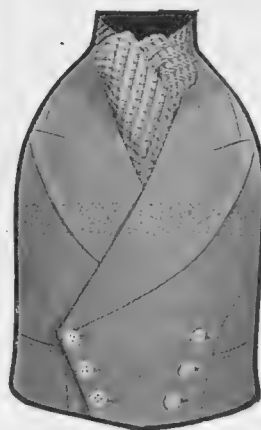
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8

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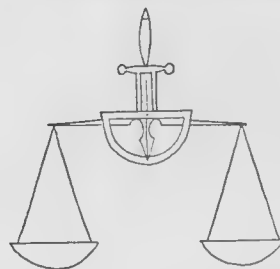
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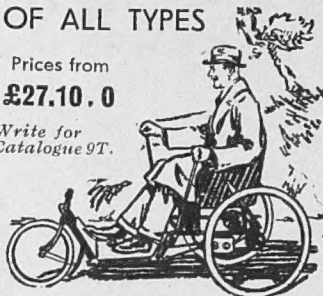
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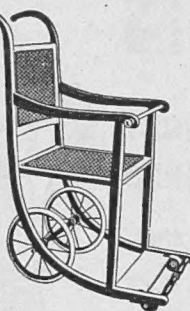
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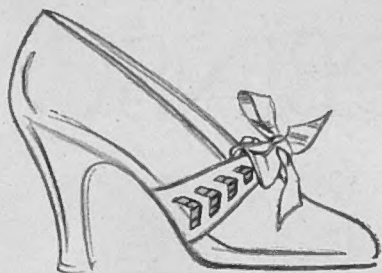
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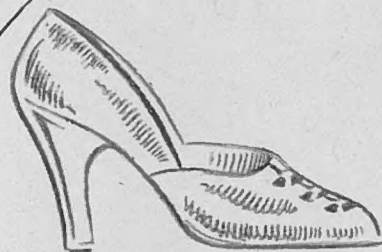
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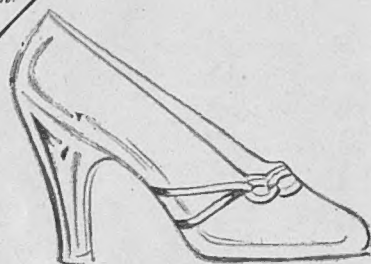
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Extract from the Diary of Sir Edward (5th Baronet)

Difficulties were smoothed out

1844:—"To-day there has been a distressing sequel to Ld George's¹ difference with Ye Squire² concerning ye running of Rush³ last September, tho by cleverness Anson⁴ was able to bring it, after all, to a happy end. At 6 this morning Ld G fought Ye Squire in a duel at Wormwood Scrubs (and Ld G never having held a pistol before). And but for Anson contriving to make Osbaldeston shoot hurriedly, Ld G must doubtless have been killed. As it be, I hear wth relief that he has sustained nought but a hole in his hat."



1. Lord George Bentinck.
2. Mr. Osbaldeston, usually known as The Squire.
3. A horse belonging to Osbaldeston, which at Heaton Park in 1843 was unplaced one day and won easily the next.
4. Colonel Anson, who acted as Lord George's second in this duel.

Sir Edward : "A near squeak for His Lordship, apparently."

Lady Angela : "But what a gruesome way of settling things. And at 6 o'clock in the morning, too. I'd never touch racing again if there was any danger of my having to get up at that hour."

Sir Edward : "Nonsense, my dear. It would usually coincide conveniently with your return home."

Lady Angela : "Indeed? I should like to know when I last succeeded in keeping you awake after two. But incidentally, this duelling business reminds me of Monty's latest grouch."

Sir Edward : "What was that? His horse running the wrong way round the course?"

Lady Angela : "No, he backed a winner all right—Porous, at elevens—but I saw him two days later and he told me his greatest desire in life was to shoot his bookie!"

Sir Edward : "Gracious! I suppose you emptied your glass over his cartridges and called out the Army?"

Lady Angela : "Not exactly. I soothed him with my maidenly sweetness and found out what his trouble was. It seems the race didn't start till 3.49, and he wired from the course at 3.47. But as the advertised time of starting was 3.45 his bookie said he wasn't on. You can't blame Monty—I'd have been livid, too."

Sir Edward : "But that kind of thing couldn't happen if . . ."

Lady Angela : "Exactly. I told him all, and took him along to 'Duggie.' No, he won't have any more difficulties now. So you see, Ted darling, I've guided another man to one of the good things of life!"

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